In this issue *of* The Outlook

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From Publisher—To You

BEGINNING next week, with the January 4 issue, you will receive the larger Outlook of which brief mention has already been made in this column.

NATURALLY, we are very much interested to know just what you will think of it. Some new names and many old familiar ones will appear—Sherwood Anderson, Ruth Suckow, Charles Merz, Adachi Kinnosuke, Harriet Eager Davis, Henry F. Pringle, Eugene Bonner, Thomas H. Gammack, Lawrence F. Abbott; the list is fairly long.

TO put it briefly, there will be pages that will interest the musical world and the nursery world; pages for people who are literarily inclined or whose predilections are for politics or finance; articles for those who are interested in human nature and in the theatre; and cartoons for those who want to know about the Old World as well as the New.

TO do this, of course, the editorial staff of The Outlook has been enlarged. In order to make a varied magazine, many minds have been added to those with which Outlook readers are already familiar. From our standpoint, each person is more than usually intelligent as well as closely in touch with the exceedingly diverse elements which go to make up the American scene today. From their varied contacts with ideas, personalities, and events are springing the subjects on which we are asking the best-qualified writers to present their views to you in the form of articles.

IN the sense that this adds color and variety and freshness of point of view to an established editorial sincerity, the magazine has a new policy. It will result, we think, in interesting you more and more as time goes on and we make into a reality in these pages the things we hope to see here.

PARTICULARLY we are hopeful that you will feel as we do about Adachi Kinnosuke's exceedingly beautiful essays on what might be called "A Japanese Childhood." At the risk of being considered fulsome, we will go so far as to say that we have read nothing that is so close to genuine literature on this theme since Lafcadio Hearn ceased writing. The first one will appear in the January 4 issue. *F. R. B.*

Index and title-page for Volume 147 (September 7–December 28, 1927) of The Outlook, printed separately for binding, will be furnished gratis, on application, to any reader who desires them for this purpose

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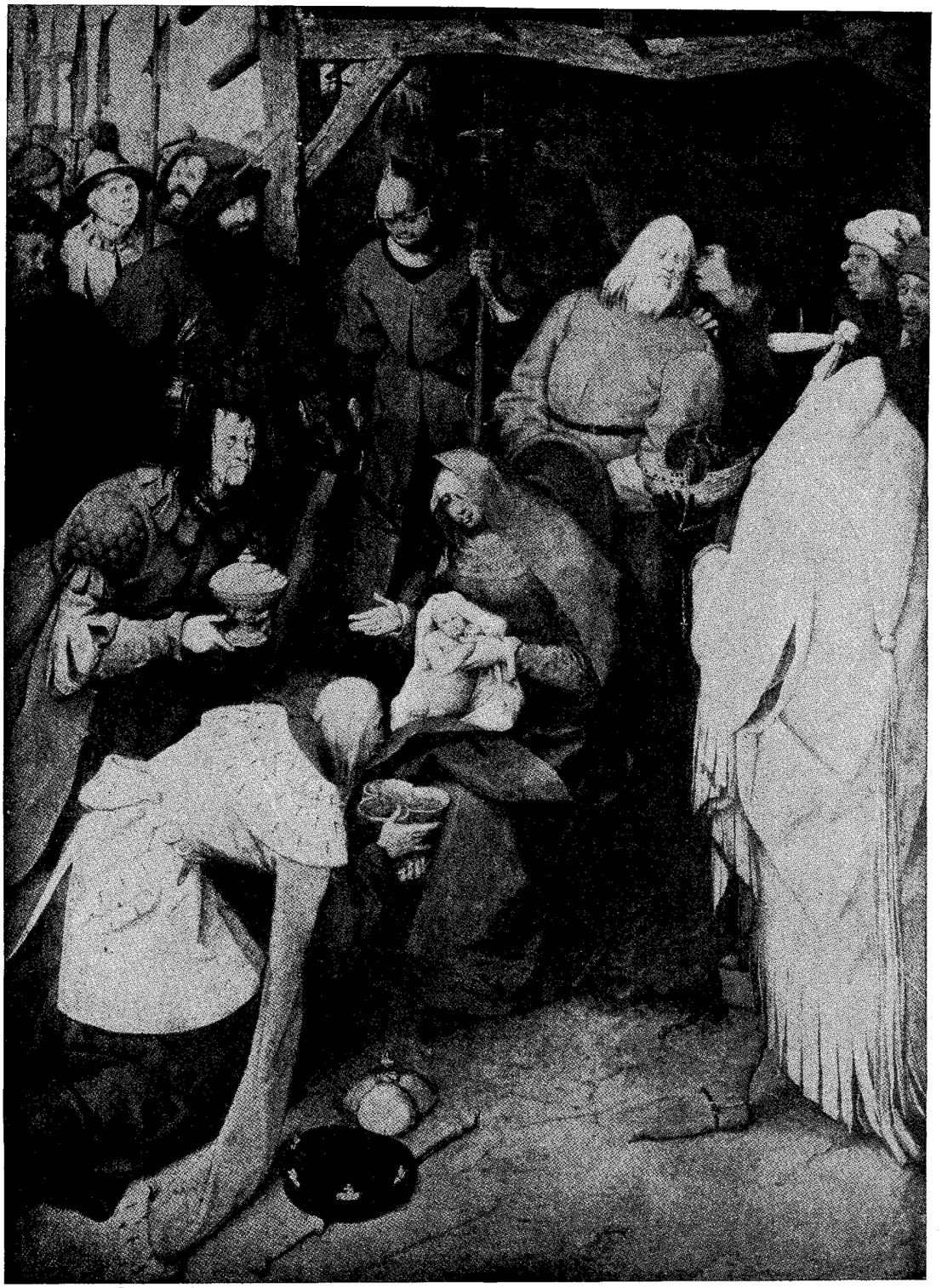

Courtesy the Arts Publishing Corporation

THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS

This picture by Peter Bruegel the elder, the Flemish painter (circa 1550), hangs in the National Gallery in London. Part of its interest lies in the fact that Bruegel is a strong influence with many modern painters

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The Outlook

Volume 147 December 28, 1927 Number 17

THE WEEK

Colonel Lindbergh Captures Mexico

TO say that Lindbergh's flight and visit to Mexico have been notable and successful is a weak and colorless understatement: Mexico officially has been pleased; the Mexican people have had a joyous time; we at home have read every word about Lindbergh we could find; the world at large has been stirred even as it was by his New York-to-Paris flight. As Kipling's Kim was "the little brother of the world," so our Lindbergh is accepted as the tall, somewhat shy, immensely competent, and typically American world's brother.

Americans certainly like a man who does his job without brag and without apology.

In this non-stop flight of 2,300 miles in 27 hours, the culmination of the 35,000 miles flown by Lindbergh in his Spirit of St. Louis, he had no easy time.

His take-off at Washington was terribly difficult, but he didn't grouse about it to anybody; the public didn't realize the fact until Major Burwell, commanding officer at Bolling Field, remarked: "That's more than just skill. That lad uses his head all of the time. That was the greatest take-off I ever saw."

The weather conditions were bad, and he mildly admitted without fuss that "flying blind" was "far from pleasant," and that parts of Mexico made "a bad country to play around in;" when his journey exceeded his time schedule a little, he laughed at himself for losing his way—"Something went wrong, and I guess it was me." But an expert said: "Lindbergh, lost in one of the most difficult topographical regions in the world from an airman's standpoint, came out of it calmly. He found himself, and says it is nothing. It is one of the most wonderful things any airman has ever done."

No wonder President Coolidge, when asked what message to Mexico Lindbergh carried, said, "Lindbergh is his own message."

"A Good Time Was Had by All"

ALWAYS Colonel Lindbergh possessed what one writer truly calls the "unawareness of self," which is the true kind of modesty. So it was natural for him to shrink from being called an ambassador of peace, but when it became evident that the peoples and the countries did so regard him he expressed simple pleasure that anything he could do should help make Mexico and America friendly.

What Lindbergh most likes is to fly; what he is most interested in is the advance of aviation. His tour about the country did much in this direction; his flight to Mexico and proposed flight to Central America will do more yet. The possibilities of commercial and mail aviation to the south are unbounded. When Lindbergh asked his mother to join him in Mexico City he said: "If she wishes to fly down, I would be glad to have her do it. I feel that it is just as safe as traveling on the train, and much more comfortable." That shows to what a sound and safe stage flying has come. Lindbergh's mission to Mexico will enormously increase the interest in this extension of practical aviation as a new vehicle for speedy transportation.

It has been a time of festival in Mexico; instead of torn-up paper the people have strewn our special ambassador's way with flowers; he has seen their show places, their schools, their dances, their bull-fight too, for, as he quietly remarked, "I think the Mexican people are perfectly capable of selecting their own national sport."

Lindbergh has had a good time; Mexico has had a good time; we have had a good time; somehow good times seem to spring up wherever our young aviator goes.

Officers ot the Senate

THE Republicans have organized the Senate of the Seventieth Congress with Senator Moses, of New Hampshire, as President *pro tempore,* Edwin P. Thayer as Secretary, and David S. Barry as Sergeant-at-Arms. The Democrats went through the formality of presenting Senator Pittman, of Nevada, for President *pro tempore* and, with strength seven or eight short of what it might have been, voted for him.

There had been some expectation that the Democrats would make a real fight on Mr. Barry because of his refusal, after adjournment of the last Congress, to serve subpœnas in the Vare case. But Senator Reed, of Missouri, Chairman of the special Committee which had the Vare case in charge, said he believed that Mr. Barry sincerely doubted the authority of the Committee to proceed with the investigation, and that he, as Chairman of the Committee, had no complaint to make of Mr. Barry's action.

Senator Moses, as Chairman *pro tempore,* continues to wear an honor which imposes less actual work than it did in the now somewhat remote past. Vice-President Dawes sticks closely to the job of presiding over the Senate, as Vice-President Coolidge did before him, and Vice-President Marshall before Vice-President Coolidge. A period of almost fifteen years has elapsed since a President *pro tempore* of the Senate had a chance to shine.

Without emolument and without work to be done, the office of President *pro tempore* of the Senate is none the less an honor that men covet.

State Rights Weaken Down South

THE decline of State rights doctrine in the South is to be measured anew in the almost unanimous support of the Southern Senators for the motion denying the oath of office to Frank L. Smith, of Illinois, and William S. Vare, of Pennsylvania.

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Yet if ever there was a case for pure State rights doctrine to air its consistency and do its bit for keeping alive the principle of local sovereignty, the Vare-Smith affair offers it. The people of Pennsylvania and Illinois, knowing practically as much about the primary campaign scandals of these gentlemen as the people of the United States Senate know today, chose to elect them to the Senate by overwhelming majorities. They are Constitutionally eligible as to age and citizenship. Whatever their offenses to taste and political morals, they have committed no felonies for which State or Federal indictments could be returned. To refuse them admission, then, is simply to say that the Senate, and not the people of the States, is sovereign in the question of who shall serve as representatives in the upper house of Congress.

The consistent State rights view would, of course, be that, while Illinois and Pennsylvania doubtless ought to have better primary laws, that was their own business, and that they had a right to be represented in the Senate by any individuals they chose to elect who were not disqualified by the explicit prohibitions of the Constitution. But all this to the grandsons of "Confederate brigadiers" now in Congress means no more apparently than a speech from the throne to the Bulgarian Sobranje. State rights do not seem to count against a chance to fasten the guilt of primary scandals on the Republicans and to register moral indignation against corruption.

What are State rights among friends?

The Tiger Is a Crafty Beast

DISTURBING news came out of Tammany Hall in Fourteenth Street. It hinted at a move to the high-hat precincts of upper Park Avenue. The most favorable interpretation was that "the boys" had been persuaded to give Judge Olvany, their chieftain, a safer, more appropriate setting for the silk hat which he wears as nonchalantly as any man.

Just a bit of strategy, that report. The new Wigwam is to be set up two blocks west and three blocks north—in Union Square, at the northeast corner of Seventeenth Street. The earlier statement, it was explained, was merely designed to baffle speculators until the deal for the chosen site had been consummated.

Architect's plans specify early colonial treatment of the Tiger's lair. Broad windows will look out on the benches where the derelicts huddle, and on the pool which in summer is the old swimming-hole of the children of the East Side. Gazing down upon such scenes, the Sachems will not be likely to forget the source of Democratic majorities.

Underwood & Underwood

Henry L. Stimson, the new Governor-General of the Philippine Islands

(See page 523)

The decision to stay in sight and hearing of the "L" and the nickelodeons of Fourteenth Street shows that the Tiger did not lose his cunning when Dick Croker and Charlie Murphy died.

Good Talk

AT the close of the year the economists and financiers survey the production of the past twelve months and tell us what forms of manufacture are advancing, what are falling behind, what captains of industry have been successful leaders, and what may be our hopes or fears for the future. It is in this spirit that we welcome a little book on "Conversation," just published by the Macmillan Company, from the pen of Henry W. Taft, Esq., of the New York bar. Mr. Taft, who is a brother of ex-President and Chief Justice Taft, begins by calling attention to the prevailing impression that the art of conversation, of good talk, has steadily declined in this country. This is an appropriate season to take stock of the situation, to ask ourselves whether this is an art that should be preserved, and, if so, what we are going to do about it.

Possibly as an art—not, of course, as a vocal method of communicating statistics about golf, stocks, oil wells, public utilities, the price of corn or beef on the hoof, and the difficulties of getting a dependable bootlegger, in which capacity conversation will doubtless always be highly useful, but as an art—conversation may have passed into the limbo of the wax candle, the periwig, the ruffled shirt, and the four-horse stage-coach. This is the age of the radio, the movie, the airplane, and mass production. A conversation in the Ford factory is as impossible as it was delightful in the atelier Delaroche. The passenger in an airplane is forever estopped from the quips and comments exchanged between the man in the box seat and Tony Weller.

Mr. Taft, however, is hopeful, and points out some methods by which the art of conversation may yet be saved. Whether we can ever produce again in this country such leaders in the art as Cardinal Gibbons or Joseph H. Choate or William M. Evarts or Charles C. Beaman or Dr. Weir Mitchell or General William T. Sherman, whom Mr. Taft rates "among the best conversationalists I ever met," is a grave question. General Sherman certainly knew both the wit and force of brevity. It is not yet forgotten that he put an end to talk about his possibilities as a Presidential candidate by saying: "If nominated, I will not accept; if elected, I will not serve." Those who enjoy a four-handed game of talk as well as a four-handed game of bridge will read Mr. Taft's essay with pleasure.

"For," said wise old Montaigne, "the most fruitful and natural exercise of the mind, in my opinion, is conversation; I find the use of it more sweet than any other action of life."

Irresponsible Journalism

NOBODY, not even William Randolph Hearst, believes that Senators Borah, Norris, Heflin, and La Follette received any money from the Mexican Treasury, despite the publication by Hearst papers of what purported to be official documents showing that $1,215,000 left the Mexican Treasury for payment to four United States Senators and Mr. Hearst's testimony that the four Senators here named are the four whose names appeared on those documents.

There are some who believe that some sum of money was extracted from the Mexican Treasury under this pretext. There are others who believe that all of

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the documents were complete and rather clumsy forgeries.

With the question of wrong-doing by United States Senators out of consideration, the question that remains is whether or not the Mexican Government sought by illegitimate propaganda to influence opinion in the United States. Mexican officials have denied *in toto* the charges and the existence of the documents.

A special Committee of the Senate, headed by Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, has undertaken a thorough investigation. If this Committee finds that the documents were forgeries, it can clear the reputation, not merely of the four Senators, but of a neighboring Government. If the Committee should find that the documents are genuine, it may be able to do nothing about it.

Involved in this affair, however, is another matter of very grave import. It is that of the freedom of journals and journalists to traduce the good name of public men.

Mr. Hearst, the first witness to be brought before the Committee, testified that he did not believe the Senators named received any money, yet that he did believe the documents were genuine. The practice of conscientious journalism, one would think, would have impelled Mr. Hearst to see that a similar statement was made in his newspapers when the documents were published.

If the work of this Committee does anything toward curbing irresponsible journalism in the United States, one Senatorial investigation, at least, will have been worth while.

Wide World

Colonel Lindbergh being greeted by Governor Alvarez on his arrival in Mexico City

(*See page 515*)

Death Revives a Thrilling Story

THE recent death of Ellen M. Stone calls vividly to mind American excitement and indignation when, twenty-six years ago, the news came that Miss Stone, an American missionary-teacher, had been seized, with another woman, a Bulgarian pastor's wife, by brigands near the line between Macedonia and Bulgaria.

The two women were hurried into a mountain fastness. Miss Stone asked why they were seized. The answer was: "We have taken you for money. We need money for our revolution, and you come from a rich country which will pay a large ransom."

They asked $100,000, and got, in the end, about $65,000, raised by popular subscription in America. During their six months' captivity Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka (who gave birth to a child while a prisoner) were treated kindly and well fed. The head bandit said: "You were both very well when we took you, and we intend to keep you so. Besides, there is no ransom for a dead captive."

In this case the safety of these women was the paramount feeling in all hearts. We said, in effect, "Get the women out, and demand reparation later."

Almost anything could happen in the Near East in those days; but when Morocco heard the ultimatum, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," we got Perdicaris, we paid nothing, and we recovered damages.

At Fifty and at Seventy-five

THE statement has been made many times in recent years that American newspapers have become standardized, as alike as the proverbial peas in a pod. And that is true—but not quite.

The city of Washington, surfeited with excitement, recently had in addition to all the rest two newspaper birthday anniversaries within a week.

The "Post," fifty years old, got out a special edition of somewhat more than two hundred pages, with pictures unnumbered and endless columns of recounted exploits.

The "Star's" birthday, coming half a week or so later, was celebrated in a one-column box which said:

75 Years Ago
Today
The Evening Star
Began Publication
In Washington.

The fringe of boastful youth persists at fifty, but sedate achievement speaks at seventy-five.

A Comet for Christmas?

GAMBLING ahead of time on the future performance of a comet, the most fickle of all heavenly bodies, is what the editors are forced to do several days before the recently discovered Skjellerup's Comet swings up into position where it may be seen from the northern hemisphere. If by the time this issue of The Outlook has reached the reader the comet has turned out to be a fizzle, it will be the reader's turn to laugh. For comets are quite as temperamental as opera singers—they often flatly refuse to perform in the manner predicted. A comet may approach the sun with a perfectly good tail, and then, after passing round the sun, curl up that showy member and sulk, showing to no better advantage than a small star. Or it may reverse that action—or even fall into the sun.

Skjellerup's Comet, so called because

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an amateur astronomer of that name discovered it from Australia on December 3, must go through life in future with an unpronounceable name—unpronounceable, that is, for those who do not know that the "j" is sounded about like a "y;" for it is the rule among astronomers that the discoverer of a new comet, be he astronomer or otherwise, may write on it a "keep off the grass" sign for all time; no other name will ever be substituted for his.

There are a number of self-schooled specialists in comet finding, not all professional astronomers by any means, who spend hours and hours at the telescope sweeping the sky in great systematic arcs in search of these intruders.

Comet seeking is one of the few remaining cases in which the modern astronomer uses his eye instead of the photographic plate.

What's in a Comet?

THE newspapers have kept the reader in daily touch with the comet which is now speeding away from the sun at a rapid rate.

Usually a comet consists of three parts: a comparatively small nucleus of loose matter; a very large visible head or coma, chiefly of luminous gases, surrounding that nucleus; and a tail, generally millions of miles in length.

Everybody knows that a comet's tail is about as near to nothing at all as could be imagined, but the actual nucleus is almost as much of a vacuum. Imagine a cubic mile of space peopled only by a dozen pebbles of stone or metal no larger than cherries—that is a sample cubic mile of a comet's nucleus. Yet if one gets down to figures, it works out that a "traveling gravel bank" of that sort, say the great Halley's Comet, whose nucleus was twenty-five miles in diameter, would contain enough of these lumps to weigh 25,000,000 tons! For long years millions of these little companionate bodies have been moving in general unison through space, but occasionally the particles have bumped one another, a tiny bit has been bumped off each piece, and these particles travel along with the rest, since there is no air in space to check their progress, until they approach the sun.

Then a striking thing happens: those of the particles which are so small that the pressure of sunlight against them outbalances their gravitative force are literally pushed out behind, forming the tail; and the odd thing is that when the comet gets around the sun and returns toward outer space again these tail particles are "blown" out in front of it, not behind, by the same force. It is as if a running man's coat-tails were to fly out in front of him.

For more information about comets the interested reader may well turn to some text-book, like the new and detailed astronomy of Russell, Dugan, and Stewart, of Princeton.

An Efficient, but Not Too Wise a House

WITH less than two weeks of the session behind it, the House of Representatives had passed the Tax Reduction Bill. Such prompt action is another indication of the at least comparative efficiency of the more numerous house of Congress.

It is estimated that the bill will, if it becomes law as it passed the House, reduce receipts by $289,770,000, whereas officials of the Treasury Department had said that the greatest reduction which could safely be made was $225,000,000. The Ways and Means Committee reported a bill which provided for reductions exceeding this sum but by less than $8,000,000. The items providing for additional reductions of almost $60,000,000 went in as amendments offered from the floor.

If the House will not accept the Treasury's estimates of the taxes needed to balance the Budget, then it must be prepared to go below the Budget Bureau's estimate of expenditures. After everything has been said, however, in favor of accepting the Treasury estimates, something remains to be said for the provision of the Constitution that legislation for the raising of revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives. Members of Congress contend that this means something more than that a tax bill shall be first introduced in the lower house.

The House has not been wise in ignoring the recommendations of the Treasury; but its right to ignore them might become, under other circumstances, a duty.

The Dragon Lashes the Red Bear

MOSCOW'S hold on the Nationalist movement in China, which has been slipping for some time, seems finally to be broken.

On December 11 General Chiang Kai-shek, who has just been made head of the Nationalist Party, declared that he would seek unity among the factions in the party and the friendship of foreign Powers with the possible exception of Soviet Russia. He criticised the Soviets for seeking to win advantage for themselves through intrigue in China, and urged the other foreign nations—particularly the United States—to take new steps for the revision of their treaties with China.

At the same time a Communist faction was attempting to establish control of Canton, where the Nationalist movement began under the leadership of the late Sun Yat-sen. On December 12 the news was that the radicals were in control of the southern city and were circulating hand-bills denouncing Chiang Kai-shek.

Two days later, on December 14, loyal Nationalist troops had regained command and were gradually restoring order after a period of rioting and looting almost unprecedented even in China. And in Shanghai, the Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs of Chiang's administration at Nanking was telling the foreign residents that the Nationalists were "thoroughly fed up with Communist activities." China, he said, was at the crossroads of a decision between a Soviet and an Anglo-Saxon democratic form of government.

On December 15 the Nanking Nationalist Government severed all relations with Soviet Russia, ordered Soviet diplomatic, consular, financial, and trade agents to withdraw from Nationalist territory within seven days. Risings like the Canton Communist rebellion, it was announced, had been plotted in other important Nationalist centers.

On December 16, in the course of a ruthless round-up of radicals in southern China, it was rumored that the Soviet Vice-Consul at Canton had been killed. Soviet subjects desiring to stay in China were required to register with Nationalist authorities.

On December 17 Moscow transmitted a note to Nanking, denying the charges against Soviet representatives and denouncing the "so-called Nationalist Government" as "under the control of generals influenced by foreign imperialistic Powers."

So ends another chapter of the story of Bolshevik propaganda in the Far East.

A Fixed Sum for War Damages

S. PARKER GILBERT, the young American Agent-General for Reparation Payments, has re-echoed the American contention at the Paris Peace Conference

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Cartoons of the Week

Enright in the New York World

With the General Board's best wishes

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer

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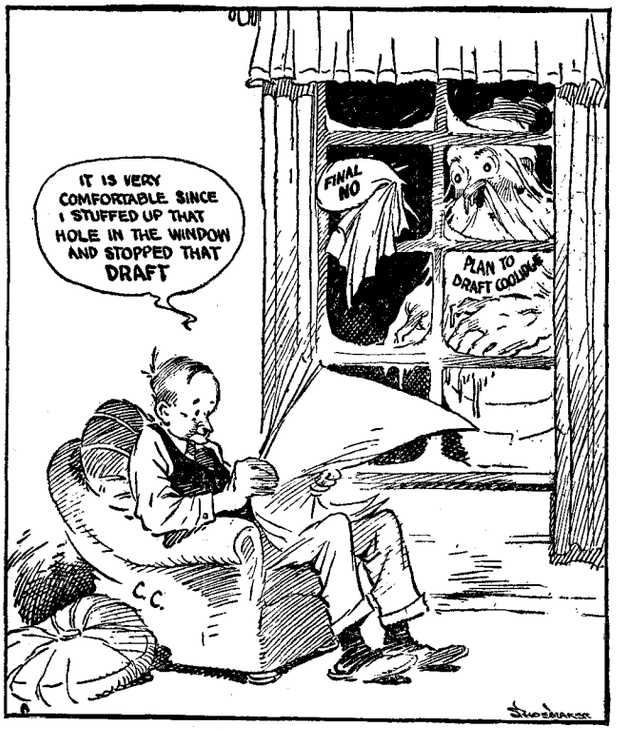
She will only have to call him once

From Daniel W. Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Shoemaker in the Chicago News


IT IS VERY COMFORTABLE SINCE I STUFFED UP THAT HOLE IN THE WINDOW AND STOPPED THAT DRAFT
FINAL NO
PLAN TO DRAFT COOLIDGE
C.C.
SHOEMAKER

Those cold-weather difficulties

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Ill.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

NOW, ISN'T THAT JUST TOO CUTE?
G.O.P.
VOTER
FRANK O. LOWDEN'S CANDIDACY
DAWES
Dear Santa, Please bring Frank something more fruity and nicer. Yours truly, Charlie
Cs don't want dawes me.
ORR

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Making a hit with the old folks

From Mrs. Agnes E. Greene, Prophetstown, Ill.

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that a fixed sum should be set for German war damages to the Allies.

In a highly significant concluding paragraph in his annual report, just published, he says: "As time goes on and practical experience accumulates, it becomes always clearer that neither the reparation problem nor the other problems depending upon it will be finally solved until Germany has been given a definite task to perform on her own responsibility, without foreign supervision and without transfer protection."

This, says Mr. Gilbert, is the principal lesson to be drawn from the past three years. It is one to which Americans will need to give thought. For Mr. Gilbert's contention on this point outweighs in practical concern to the United States everything that he says regarding Germany's punctual fulfillment of the Dawes Plan, as well as his denial of the thesis of certain American banks that foreign loans for German private enterprises take precedence over the German Government's obligations abroad.

France has already indicated a willingness to see German reparations set at a fixed amount, if it should come to be accepted that all international indebtedness left by the World War forms a hindrance to good economic and political relations among the nations and that a general readjustment is necessary. What is meant, obviously, is the war debts. Other allies would undoubtedly fall into line.

It is impossible here to comment on this whole question; but it is important now to record this statement by the most important American financial figure in Europe, which is certain to be the basis of widespread discussion in the new year.

Writs Replace Bayonets

COMPARATIVE calm fell upon the turbulent sea of Oklahoma's civil war between Governor and Legislature when Governor Johnston ceased to rely upon troops and put his lawyers to the van.

The legislators insist on their right to call themselves into extra session; the Governor and the State Supreme Court (*his* court, say his enemies) declare the law (it was not an amendment to the Constitution, as we stated last week) unconstitutional, chiefly because the Court held that only an amendment could take away from the Governor his sole right to convene extra sessions of the Legislature.

The Senators, allowed to sit by sufferance, and not as of right in the Capitol, and thus freed from what it termed "the embarrassing position of being barred by bayonets from our meeting-place," assembled for the trial of the Governor on charges of various alleged illegal and more or less nefarious acts. The Governor has issued a spirited

Keystone

Governor Johnston, of Oklahoma

counter-attack, from which we quote three cogent sentences:

> Not a single chamber of commerce, not a single civic organization, not a single body of churchmen, not a single political organization, not a single business institution in Oklahoma, not a single bar association urged any session of the Legislature. But with the voice of a united people, these organizations have asked me to refuse the demand. There is not a single plausible reason for a special session of the Legislature.

The Owens case has played an important part in this controversy. Owens, an oil operator, was elected to the Legislature after a campaign consisting chiefly or solely of attacks on the Supreme Court and charging the Court with fraud and favoritism. In the Legislature Owens continued his attacks. He was convicted of contempt of the Supreme Court and was sentenced to one year in jail. He was released by the Court of Appeals, on the ground that the members of the Supreme Court were disqualified because of prejudice. This case has now been appealed to the Federal District Court. Meanwhile Justice Riley, of the Supreme Court, sued Owens and the Tulsa "World" for libel, with the result that the jury brought in a verdict giving Justice Riley the small sum of $100.

Under all this attack and counter-attack the political air in the State nicknamed "Sooner" is too hot for calm judgment. But the people of Oklahoma refuse to be stampeded.

Even the charge that the Governor's lady secretary is a Rosicrucian has not led to gun-play.

The S-4

As this issue of The Outlook goes to press it seems all but impossible that the six then living members of the crew of the submarine S–4 should be rescued. In Provincetown Bay a strong gale is running, the cold is severe, communication with the boats near the S–4 is suspended. If they die, the grimness of the tragedy is deepened by the fact that these men perished after they had made their plight known by spelling out their plea for help with hammer blows.

Yet the story of S–5, which crashed in a nose-dive in 1920, might make any rescue seem possible. Her sailors crept to the top of the projecting stern, drilled a small hole and put out a sailor's shirt as a flag. It was seen, and eventually the engineer of a steamship bored with his own hands (he dared not use a flame) a circle of fifty small holes, patiently cut the spaces between with a cold-chisel, lifted the metal out with a crowbar (like the top of a tin can) and the men got out alive after two days' imprisonment.

The S–4, with forty-five men and officers, sank outside Provincetown Harbor on December 17 after a collision with the Coast Guard destroyer the Paulding. Where was the tender which is supposed to guard the submarine when it rises, as in this case, to the surface? The only answer given is that "for some reason today she remained in Provincetown Harbor." Another question has been asked: Why have not submarines been provided with exterior iron hooks or loops to aid the raising by chains, as urged by the officer who was most active in raising the S–51 two years ago?

These and all other problems involved will doubtless be scrutinized by the naval court of inquiry. No one should be accused recklessly, but the country will demand searching and convincing answers.

The lost members of the crew of S–4

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died for their country as truly as if they had been killed in battle.

The Protestant Issue in England

It is in crude terms that it is best to state the issue which today threatens to rend in twain the Church of England as by law established. For nearly four centuries High, Low, and Broad Churchmen have found it possible to use the Prayer-Book which embodied the Elizabethan Compromise. But, according to many prophets, the Compromise is breaking down over an attempt to revise the Prayer-Book; and if this be really the fact, then the Church has now to decide, one way or the other, whether its face is set towards Catholicism of the Roman type or towards the Protestantism embodied in the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian communions. Is the Anglican episcopacy to be pre-Reformation in temper and practice or post-Reformation?

If England, indeed the English-speaking world, is today aroused over this issue, the reason is that the Church thus distressed is a state Church. It is the Church of the royal family, of the ancient universities and schools, of Westminster Abbey and the Cathedrals, of the army, the navy, of Parliament, the prison and the poorhouse. The prelates of the Church sit in the House of Lords and crown the King on his accession. It is the requirement that the monarch be a communicant of the Established Church that guarantees the Protestant succession. Moreover, it is this same Church that presides over much urban and most rural education of children, paid for out of the public taxes; and to surrender the Church to the Catholic party within it is thus a proposal of vital significance to the British people. Indeed, the situation is of a vital interest to the Anglican episcopacy throughout the world. It is at Lambeth Palace that the Archbishop of Canterbury has received conferences of bishops from the United States and all the British possessions.

Whether a surrender to Rome is really involved in the Prayer-Book as revised has been a matter of opinion. The Archbishop of Canterbury stoutly denies the allegation, and if it were not for one circumstance he would have a good deal of reason on his side. It is true that the revision includes a few lines of prayer for the happiness of the beloved dead, a concession to the sorrow of war with which it is not easy to quarrel. Otherwise, many of the changes—

Acme

Thomas Eadie, the diver, who communicated with the six men in the sunken S-4, preparing to investigate the depths

in any event, of optional use—are manifest enrichments. It is not a mitigation of the rigors in the Athanasian Creed nor is it the omission of the word "obey" from the Order of Matrimony that has provoked the present emotions.

The fight is, frankly, over the Communion Service.

The State Overrules the Church

To the Low Churchman the standard procedure on Sunday morning should be Matins or Morning Prayer and the sermon. To the High Churchman no such service is adequate unless it culminates in the Eucharist. To exalt the Eucharist into the predominance conceded by Rome to the mass—this is the object of the change in the Prayer-Book that has aroused England.

The Communion Service, therefore, has been rearranged and elaborated. Even in the prayer of consecration there are changes to be regarded as significant. Yet if the case had ended even there the crisis might have blown over. What threatens to split the Church is a single page of italicized rubric in which there is permitted the reservation of the sacrament. It is this page that has undone the Elizabethan Compromise and provoked scenes of unusual excitement at Westminster, ending in the rejection of the revision by the House of Commons.

The plea is that the sacrament is to be reserved, not for adoration in the Church, but for use in the sick-room. The reply of the Protestants is that the one use will lead to the other use, and that the Anglo-Catholics, in their hearts, intend it to be so. Be that as it may, a broader issue is now challenged. Whether the revised Prayer-Book be wise or unwise, at least it was accepted by the Church at her ordained councils. The Church has been overruled, therefore, by the State. The temporal power has vetoed the spiritual decision.

That a movement towards disestablishment has already been started is obvious. Whether it will take effect cannot yet be said.

An alternative would be the secession of extreme Anglo-Catholics to Rome.

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Questions that Nobody Wants to Ask

IF it should wake up some fine morning soon to learn that, after all, there would be no Presidential election next year, we guess that the country, on the whole, would be pretty well content. The only thing in politics that arouses general interest is the possibility that the present political calm may be ruffled by the breezy emergence of the picturesque and impressive personality of the Governor of New York. And even about his figure the two chief issues that circulate—prohibition and the relation of Church to State—are not in any sense issues between the parties. The country seems to be content to remain cool—and prosperous—with Coolidge. It would if it could.

Since it cannot—since it has to become heated by a Presidential election, and would have to, even if President Coolidge were to choose to run—what is it to become heated over?

If Governor Smith is nominated by the Democrats, as seems now highly probable, some parts of the country and some masses of people will become very warm indeed. There is latent heat in the questions which the South is asking of Alfred E. Smith—questions reported in The Outlook three weeks ago—but even those questions had more to do with the temper and mind of Smith the man than with any large question of party policy. If Governor Smith were to drop out of the picture, those questions would disappear. The real test of what the country is thinking about politically would be questions directed to that at present unknown person, the Republican candidate.

We volunteer the ungrateful task of asking him a few questions.

What will you do as President to purge the party and the Nation of the corruption proved by the oil lease cases and to see that that corruption does not recur?

Did you know of it? What did you say about it or do about it when you first learned of it? What do you conceive to be the duty of a member of an Administration who is aware of the existence of such corruption—of one who has reason to believe that such corruption exists?

Which do you believe to be the more urgent need of the country—the continuance of prosperity even with the possible sacrifice of civic consciousness, or the awakening of a moral sense of the citizenry to their obligations to the country and the country's obligation to the rest of the world even though the awakening may be at some possible cost to prosperity?

Do you believe that the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution can be adequately enforced? If so, how? Can enforcement be facilitated by a modification of the Volstead Act? If prohibition cannot be adequately enforced, do you think the country should be content with inadequate enforcement, or should prohibition be abandoned?

Do you believe that the Federal Government has a duty and opportunity to improve conditions of agriculture? If so, would you direct the efforts of the Government to helping the individual farmer to do individual farming more successfully, trying to retain as a valuable asset of the Nation the farm family and the farm home, or would you take the agricultural worker's home out of its productive environment, abandon the attempt to preserve those qualities of individualism and self-reliance that have been characteristic of agriculture in the past, and have the Government aim at the transformation of farming into an industry on a large scale like other great industries, giving it a corporate or other similar form and encouraging standardization and mass production?

What would you do with the Mississippi River? Would you deal with it mainly for the purpose of protecting the lands subject to flood, charging to those lands a considerable part of the cost of protection; or would you make flood control a part of a more general scheme for the development of waterways and the enlargement of the transportation facilities between the interior and tide-water?

What other methods besides the development of our waterways would you employ to enable producers in the interior to reach their markets more easily?

Will you urge such change in the law—and in the Constitution, if need be—as will enable every newly elected President and Congress to take office more promptly?

As the Washington treaty putting the battle fleets of Great Britain and America on a parity will have to be reconsidered during the next Presidential term, what program or policy will you recommend for the National defense, and especially for the Navy?

Should the United States change its attitude toward the Philippines, and, if so, in what way—with a view chiefly toward more political autonomy or with a view chiefly toward economic development?

Will you recommend an enlargement of the executive departments at Washington, or will you follow a policy designed to reduce the dangers of bureaucracy?

In view of the evident tendency of European countries to unite in a common rivalry with the United States, will you state briefly your policy toward a consolidating Europe?

In view of the unrest in the Far East, what policy will you urge toward China?

Do you advocate the recognition of the Soviet Government of Russia? If not, on what condition would you recognize it?

Should the Government back up by force the property, and particularly the investments, of Americans abroad?

Should the United States assume special obligations to Latin-American countries, in particular those lying between the United States and the Panama Canal, or should the United States treat those countries precisely as it would any others?

What policy should the Government adopt with respect to the coming development of super-power? Nationally? Internationally?

We should like to ask one other question. We shall address this one, however, not to the candidate, but to our readers. If the candidate answers these questions with a yawn, is it perhaps because the country is still asleep?

Christmas

ONCE a year we unite in paying homage to the intangible and invisible.

Though it bears a Christian name, Christmas is a universal festival. It is the avowal of the common desire to believe in the dominant power of good will. Even the cynical join the rest of us in paying this homage, for in their very doubt whether the surging shoppers, and the laden postmen, and the community celebrations are pure expressions of the Christmas spirit they at least grudgingly attribute to the Christmas spirit a place higher than the expectation of favors to come. And, unlike other holidays, Christmas overflows into the days before and the days after. It is as if the spirit

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of good will, once released from the inhibitions which commonly confine it and allowed its freedom for a scant twenty-four hours, must burst the bonds of time. And thus freed, Christmas cannot be contained by dogma or creed. It insists on finding its way everywhere to its own.

Is not this the essence of the spirit of him whose title this festival bears? Did he not refuse to be bound by dogma and ritual law? Did he not apply the test of successful life equally to Jewish fisherman and Roman centurion, to the Samaritan and the Levite? Did he not find that test of successful life, not in the tangible and visible things that men possess, but in the unseen and intangible good will—that is, a will to the good of others?

It is this spirit that can deliver us from the two superstitions of materialism and asceticism; for it is equally superstitious to worship things as gods and to fear them as devils. In his essay "The Bayonet-Poker" the late Samuel McChord Crothers, whose recent death has stopped the pen of an essayist who mingled humor with his wisdom, wrote these words for a machine age: "Most of the gloomy prognostications which distress us arise from the habit of attributing to the thing a power for good or evil which belongs only to the person. It is one of the earliest forms of superstition. The anthropologist calls it 'fetishism' when he finds it among primitive peoples. When the same notion is propounded by advanced thinkers, we call it 'advanced thought.' We attribute to the Thing a malignant purpose and an irresistible potency, and we crouch before it as if it were our master. . . . We personify our tools and machines, . . . and then as abject idolators we bow down before the works of our own hands." And he lists our forts and guns, our corporations, our political machine.

Those who dread materialism are inclined to fly to asceticism. Those who scorn asceticism are inclined to lapse into materialism. In either case the real conqueror is the Thing—or, in our day, the Machine. Man may fool himself and boast with Shelley's Ozymandias, "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair;" but he is slave of the thing—he is no longer master.

It is in good will that man's freedom lies. Without it factories, armaments, governments, business organizations control him, menace his peace, and bind him to the slavery of machinery, and wars, and majorities, and money. But if he has good will he need neither worship nor fear the thing he has made.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

Lindbergh Again

IT is by a most happy coincidence that at the Christmas season a winged messenger should be the bearer of good will between two nations. Charles Lindbergh carried in his airplane the most valuable freight any country can export. And, unlike other goods, the very conveyance of this to another land has enormously increased the amount of it at home.

By a happy coincidence, too, this message has occurred at the very time when a newspaper proprietor has recklessly trafficked in ill will. The attempt, moreover, of Mr. Hearst's principal newspaper to discredit Colonel Lindbergh's flight to our neighboring republic by saying that "purely private concerns find that their advantage would be served by the despatch of this young American hero as an unofficial aeronautical ambassador to Mexico," serves only by way of contrast to make Charles Lindbergh's achievement shine the brighter.

Controversy between nations arises, it is true, not primarily from ill will, but from conflicting interests. Good will alone cannot bring controversy to an end. But good will has everything to do with the way in which controversies can be settled. Lindbergh's flight may not change a Mexican law or an American claim; but it will affect the spirit in which Americans view Mexican law and Mexicans view American claims. Where there is a will there is a way. And Lindbergh has strengthened the will.

Colonel Stimson and the Philippines

TO direct the affairs of a backward people is usually a thankless task. To do it in the face of a vocally strong opposition in their land and of much irresponsible criticism at home is twice as thankless. These double difficulties go with the office of Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, to which President Coolidge has appointed Henry L. Stimson.

Last year Colonel Stimson visited his friend, Governor-General Wood, in Manila, and spent several months in personal investigation of the situation in the islands. This year he finds himself called to take up the duties of the post which the death of his friend has left vacant. His distinguished achievements as a lawyer, a former member of the firm headed by Elihu Root, as Secretary of War under President Taft, and lately as President Coolidge's representative in Nicaragua, where he brought an end to the civil war, indicate how eminently qualified he is for the work to which he is going. Furthermore, it is an added advantage that he already has a policy, clearly formulated and stated, regarding the Philippines.

After his return from the islands, Colonel Stimson contributed an article this year to the April issue of the quarterly review "Foreign Affairs" entitled "Future Philippine Policy under the Jones Act." In that article, after a review of conditions in the islands, he took a definite stand for public avowal by the United States Government of a policy of continued control of the islands and of guardianship against encroachment by neighboring peoples until the experiment of training for independent self-rule is carried through. He believed that such an avowal would aid, rather than hinder, the cause of native self-government by discouraging political experiments and agitation for immediate independence and by centering American and Filipino thought on the really necessary steps along the road to self-government. He argued further that the Governor-General's staff of inspectors should be larger, so that he would have more information to enable him to act for the welfare of the islands. And he stressed the need of the development of responsible native political parties and the desirability of appointing qualified natives to executive positions. He wrote: "I believe that in this way the Jones Act can be made a bridge by which we can pass gradually from a rigidly supervised system of government to one depending more and more upon responsibility to political parties and public opinion."

Both Americans and Filipinos should find reassurance in the choice of Colonel Stimson as Governor-General at Manila. It is one of the best and most positive acts of President Coolidge's Administration to have appointed a man with such a far-sighted vision of colonial statesmanship and with such experience in turning the ideal of his vision into the practical and actual.

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Vare of Philadelphia

By WALTER LINCOLN WHITTLESEY

SINCE before the Civil War Pennsylvania has been substantially a one-party State in National politics. This has had the usual result in hardening the victorious party's organization and in sharpening the factional differences within that party. The rewards for Republican State machine power being both large and sure, the machine has been built. No reader interested in politics needs to be reminded of Quay and Penrose. The United States Senate knew them both, after a struggle!

But Penrose and Quay were rather of the upper class in Pennsylvania's business—professional—political life and entitled to such honors. Vare was not so regarded. He broke his way toward the Senate in a 1926 primary in which some $800,000 was spent for his Republican ticket as against $2,200,000 for the opposing Republican tickets, headed, respectively, by George Wharton Pepper and by Gifford Pinchot, the Governor. So says Senator Norris, of Nebraska, author of the excluding resolution.

Vare may be taken to embody that lower and middle class man who has hitherto done the dingier work and held the lower offices in the organized politics of Pennsylvania. It seems a modern instance of political war within that State.

For that reason I sought a meeting with Vare, to get his point of view, his own account of this battle of modern, big-city industrial politics, in which he is a leading figure.

"ANYHOW, money doesn't necessarily get votes. The thing you have to do is to look forward to the things that interest the people. You got to stay close to the people. All the time, to the best of your ability. You got to make them feel that you are in earnest in doing it and that they will be safe in counting on you."

Mr. Vare is talking as he sits solidly down into a period armchair in a room on an upper floor of a famous hotel and looks out over his native Philadelphia, sprawling a flat, dull-gray monotone where fertile fields once glistened along the Delaware River. Beneath the benevolently lifted hand of William Penn on his high-towered City Hall pedestal swarm people from every corner of the earth, moving in that smoke-gray air which modern industry wraps about itself for robes of imperial commerce. The city has space and kindness, if you know where to look, and Vare work has been done in every part of it.

W. S. VARE, of Philadelphia, is denied a seat in the United States Senate pending an investigation of the Pennsylvania Republican Party primaries of May, 1926, the amount of money used and the way it was used. It is alleged that $800,000 was spent for Vare's election and that $2,200,000 was spent in vain by his Republican opponents, George Wharton Pepper and Gifford Pinchot.

This article does not attempt to deal with the charges of corruption; the United States Senate Committee will attend to them, it is to be hoped and expected. There are certain elements in the case, however, that are not in dispute. It seems to be admitted that in the election of November, 1926, he won from W. B. Wilson, former Secretary of Labor, by 822,187 votes against 648,680. He is not accused of breaking either State or Federal elections laws. In the meantime a new type of man has appeared for Senatorial honors in the State of Quay and Penrose; and in this interview Mr. Whittlesey allows him to expand his political philosophy.

"I couldn't see how algebra was going to fit in down on our farm, so I went home one night and told my mother I was going to get a job. The next day I went to work for John Wanamaker at twenty-five cents a day, and stayed in the store nearly two and a half years. I began as a cash-boy and worked behind the soda-fountain counter for a while, and then in the cashier's office for $2.50 a week. Some of the men I worked with since have been kind enough to say that this experience probably gave me some of Mr. Wanamaker's business brains. But that $2.50 per week was about as high as I could get in the store, so I went home and took to selling our truck from the farm. After a while I began to do something in real estate."

That is the solid subsoil of his personal genealogy, if you want it. Of plain, ordinary English-speaking American ancestry, Mr. Vare was born on a small farm in what is now South Philadelphia, just as his father had been before him. His mother, Abigail Stites by name, was a country girl from southern New Jersey. Outside of that store job his early work was all on their farm.

"I have never been much for poetry, but must have gotten sentimental once when talking to some of the neighbors about those early days. Without meaning to do it, I got into poetry, like this:

> He followed the plow,
> He milked the cow,
> He fed the sow.

The newspapers here print that a lot of times, and I rather like it."

Look at the Senator's hands, and you see the stumpy, gnarled fingers of one who has worked intensely; perhaps too hard, too long, and too young. Precious little "poetry" in that, and an odd contrast to the figured velvet of this Louis Quinze furniture.

What has that farming to do with politics? Well, the earth endures, and the Vares keep what they get, if they can.

At first glance even, this particular Vare is a man of action, a doer; his ears lie as flat against his blunt rounded head as a half-dollar in the palm of your hand. Warm brown eyes, rather small, that close to mere glinting slits when he is interested or combative. Face both balanced and aggressive, like the look one remembers after seeing a battleship. His short, quick, carefully dressed figure stumps down the hotel corridor at a pace that hurries one to keep up with him. He reacts to a pointed question as a fighter does to a blow.

"Can't remember when I was not interested in politics. My father was born a Henry Clay Whig, but became a Republican about the time of the Civil War, and I was born the day before Christmas, 1867. In those days you began political work at the bottom. Trouble with these young college men is they want white-collar jobs even in politics.

"When I was young, our neighborhood was about evenly divided between our party and the Democrats, about fifty-fifty, so everything depended on

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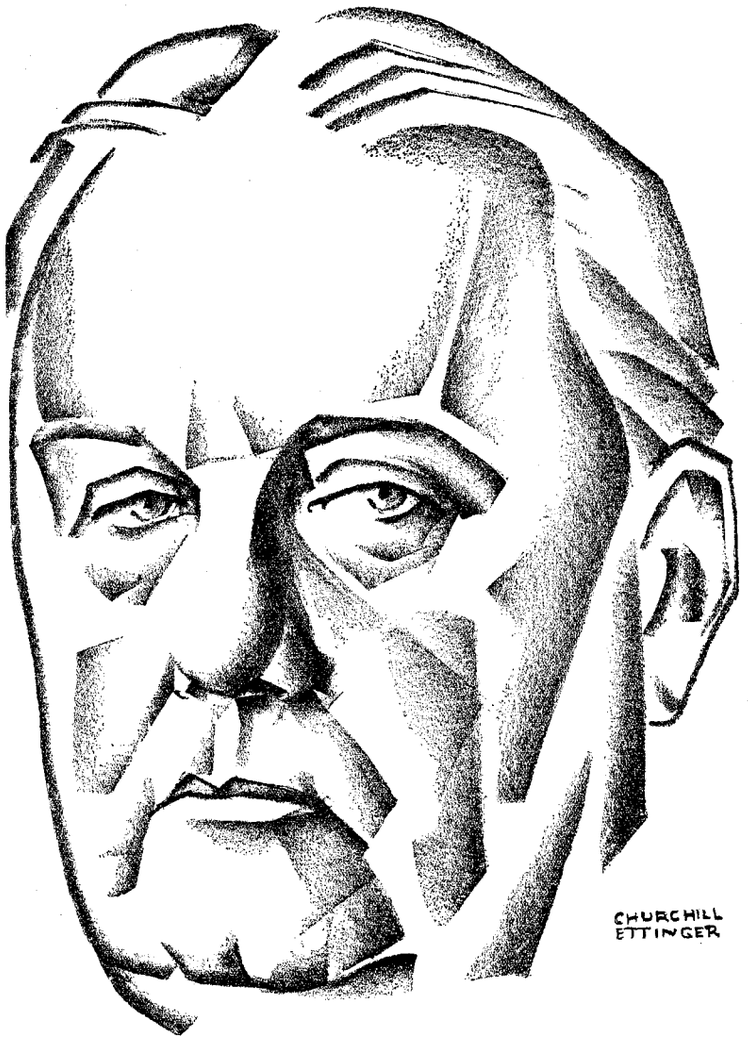

William S. Vare

personal work among the people. It all turns on that, anyhow."

THAT is the Vare fundamental. Cities are made up of people who live in families. Political power is based on getting to know them, talking things over, finding out what is in their minds, and helping them think about it along your own lines of party belief. It does not involve uplift.

"So I started riding one of our farm horses around the country roads in the neighborhood. Sometimes I took a horse and buggy. I rang all the doorbells of all the homes, and sat in the kitchen, or wherever I was asked to sit, and tried to interest the people of that house in the principles of Republicanism. They found I was a safe man and intensely interested in Republicanism."

Vare is Methodist, church-going, devout, utterly middle-class American. South Philadelphia, on the whole, is that sort of region. The Bible, the law, the school, and the job are centers of the voter's living interest. Especially the job. As Philadelphia grows, there is more work that has to be done and more people who must have work to do.

"They always do their work well, that Vare crowd," a shrewd and cultured Southern gentleman, the head lawyer of a big public utility corporation, told me a day or two later. "They have done all our underground work for years. Our accounting people tell me it costs us more here in Pennsylvania when we try to do it ourselves. They do a lot for the railroads also. I would say that the Vares got into politics by being contractors, and not the other way round. Not a bit of it."

"My brother got into contracting in a small way before he was much in politics," Vare continued. "We were selling our land then, as the city grew out our way, and he used the horses and wagons on odd jobs around the neighborhood. The business grew. I did a lot of the figuring in those days."

"How could you do that, Senator, when you had had practically no education?"

"Well, it wasn't so technical then. What you needed then was common sense, the ability to choose the men and get them working together at the right parts of the job, and make the whole thing go. You can always hire these educated civil engineers."

Below in the street a Vare Contracting Company gang is busy on a long run of concrete conduit for telephone and telegraph cable. They have the best of tools and equipment, everything in order and in repair, a bulkhead of planking to keep loose dirt off the sidewalk. That is how Vare rigs usually look as one sees them around in western New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania. Even the lantern globes in the warning red lights are clean. The work goes along in calm and precision under the all-seeing eye of a foreman who looks very much like a kindly school-teacher. This, they say in Philadelphia, is typical of such Vare outfits.

You can see the Abigail Stites Vare Memorial Church at Third and Morris Streets, a high-sided, old-fashioned meeting-house of a type that John Wesley would approve. Across the street is the Abigail Vare Public School, built of stone, said to be the first modern schoolhouse in that region. Also in South Philadelphia are the George A. Vare Recreation Center and the Edwin H. Vare Junior High School, both named after his brothers. All these have the Vare look; solid, enduring, built to stay.

"What does get the votes? Why, as I said before, you got to stay close to the people. As immigrants came into our part of the city we helped 'em get work, and learn to talk English, and get naturalized, and be good Americans."

Better ways, "reform," always win as the years go by, but the reformers always lose. They cannot hold and wield power on the basis of the newer and higher civic level that they have helped establish. And there's Bill Vare, who knew grandfather, or helped father get naturalized and got him the job he needed. His power endures.

"Some precincts where nobody else hardly got a vote? Well, you can find that in other States besides Pennsylvania and in other parts of our State besides Philadelphia. Some parts of our city are inhabited mostly by Jewish people. They gave me a big vote last time in spite of all the mud-slinging. Why? Because when they first came here almost the only helping hand held out to aid them was by our workers. It wasn't any political tyranny. Those people

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don't forget you, nor what you've done for them."

It's easy to pick up exactly the opposite story! A terrible tale of votes coerced by force and cast in fear.

There is the South Philadelphia district in the State Senate; for over thirty continuous years it has been represented by a Vare: by George A., by Edwin H., and William S., then by Mrs. Flora Morris Vare (Edwin H.'s widow), the first woman elected to the Pennsylvania Senate.

"Our contracting wasn't all, or even in big part, political. In 1895 we were out of power at the City Hall and the Mayor was not friendly to us. The Bell Telephone people had a lot of underground work going on, and the New York contractors they had on the job couldn't seem to get the trenches closed up and the streets repaved. They had about a mile of street open in one place. Somebody told the Bell people about us, and we were just finishing a big dirt-moving job in South Philadelphia. We put our whole crowd on the work, with a double-headed schedule, and got the street closed in less than two weeks."

Apparently that was the turning-point for the Vare Construction Company, of which the Senator has always been treasurer, and of which his nephew, Edwin H., Jr., is now President.

"He studied engineering at the University, and has a good head for those things. I advised him to keep out of politics, and he is out." But Philadelphia says young Ed does nothing big save on Uncle Will's advice.

Mr. Vare was married in 1896, and by 1898 was a member of the old Select Council of the city. In 1901 he was elected recorder of deeds, and held that job until 1912, when he went to Congress, as we have seen. On election day, 1922, he was elected on the same ticket and by the same voters to be both Representative in Congress and State Senator at Harrisburg. This he believes to be a record.

"When the State session began in January, I resigned from Congress and did not take any pay until after the new Congress met that December. I did that so I could serve in the Senate at Harrisburg, where my brothers had been, and so there couldn't be any question as to the legality of any of my acts or votes.

"The first Republican city leader"—Mr. Vare means boss—"that I knew anything about was Israel Durham. After his time the McNichols came into power, and later on our leader was Mr. Boies Penrose."

What a training! Thinking of those days and the facts and lies about them still current, one seems to see thugs around polling-places, gangsters crowding into the voting-booths to help and to terrorize, short-tempered, low-grade district leaders working frantically under orders "to get out the vote, and get it out right." Then the law came. Laws passed by reformers to curb and abolish politicians. Laws on registration, on balloting, on counting the votes. Laws on city contracts, especially the Bullitt Law, compelling bids and tying down the city's business affairs in the interest of economic purity.

"But they couldn't shake our hold with the people." The Senator's voice has a ring of victory. "People don't forget the man who gets some coal into your empty cellar around Christmas time. Nor the barrel of flour that came when the husband had been sick and out of a job. Nor the worker who got you a chance to learn English in night school, so you could hold a better job. Those things all mean votes on election day."

"Wouldn't permanent registration of voters by the city or other officials end a lot of these political scandals and squabbles?"

"Maybe; but you'd pay too much for it. The workers would go by that list and wouldn't be up on their toes, as they are now. They wouldn't have to know the people in their divisions the way they must now. They wouldn't keep acquainted and help folks along the way they do now. Our workers wouldn't do near so much good."

Perhaps that is why Vare leadership lost so little of its hold when modern political journalism came, riding the crest of the muck-raking wave. A great merchant bought three Philadelphia newspapers to help get himself into the United States Senate, which he almost did. A great publisher built up his own colossal interest. Fact was, and is, at a singular disadvantage in the politics and political journalism of Philadelphia today just as it was in Benjamin Franklin's time. But the Vares went on, building up their political structure from the front door of every house and shop in South Philadelphia to the City Hall, to the State and National Capitols.

"But wasn't Senator Pepper entitled to another term? Why did you want to go to the Senate?"

"Well it was partly my ambition. I wanted to be promoted. In fourteen years in Congress I had seen about forty men from different States promoted to the Senate. That hadn't happened in Pennsylvania in fifty years. When it came to the Senate, they would hand it on a silver platter to some prominent man who never had done his fair share of the party's work."

Perhaps the place where one sees what Vare's ambition ran into is the club he cannot get into, the Union League Club of Philadelphia. The great ballroom is hung with portraits of gentlemen loftier even than its ceiling—Governors, Senators, magnates, men of ancestors, of wealth and culture, of everything the Vares did not have. Men who believe in gentry rule today quite as the Binghams and Biddles did a hundred years ago or the Willings in the eighteenth century. Leading a revolt from gentry rule, Vare was up against the high hat and the high hand.

"In forty-eight hours after announcing my ambition I found that every English-speaking newspaper in Pennsylvania, with one or two exceptions, was opposed to me. They would not print my news, rarely even my platform. I had voted against the Volstead Act, but felt that it was entitled to a fair trial. I had seen respect for the courts lessen, law and order set aside, degradation of social and moral conditions all over Philadelphia." Vare's hands were thrown wide in gesture. "I made up my mind to make a test, to give the people of Pennsylvania an opportunity to express their choice. So I prepared and announced a platform which included, first, protection to American industries; second, a policy of economy."

"You tied up with President Coolidge there, didn't you, Senator?"

"Yes; all the candidates did at that election."

Those voting at the famous Republican primaries of May 18, 1926, had to be on a central registration list, which list is controlled, in and for Philadelphia, by the Central Registration Commission.

"Whose list was that, Mr. Vare?"

"Governor Pinchot himself is solely responsible for that list." The answer snaps out as if a firecracker were exploding. "Before he went into the fight for the Senate he removed every member of the Central Registration Commission and appointed his own friends. The entire 1926 registration list in Philadelphia was made up by Pinchot's personally selected personal and political

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friends. He first removed all the members who were not friendly to him."

SENATOR VARE has only two gestures, apparently—throwing his hands wide apart in the air, or else tapping emphasis into a point by means of one finger which plays on your knee or your shoulder. He is tapping fast now.

"The Governor never complained of that list from May 18 to the day he went out of office. Then he handed me a certificate reading, 'On the face of the returns it appears,' and the rest of it. That form is a violation of the United States Senate rules as to such certificates, and Governor Pinchot knew it was. When I found out it was not in correct form, I wrote to Governor Fisher, who was kind enough to send me one in correct form, which the Senate accepted."

It is Vare, the fighter, who is talking now. His gray and weary face is flushed with interest. His words are sharply formed and crisply shot out at his listener.

"As I saw it then, I had one of two things to do; either go into an extensive letter-writing campaign to inform the voters of the issues, or else throw up my hands and say that it was no use to oppose the powers that be. I had only one county organized and another partly organized; the rest of the sixty-odd county organizations were definitely committed to Pepper or Pinchot. Governor Pinchot had a State-wide machine of possibly 50,000 office-holders which he had built up with great care. Senator Pepper had an organization of perhaps 25,000 from all his Federal patronage. The Mellon banking interests together with the power of the Treasury was against me. Mr. Joseph R. Grundy, the head of the Manufacturers Association of Pennsylvania, was also in the opposition."

As Vare names the list of his eminent foes in that campaign of 1926 he looks like something out of old tales of war; he becomes a stubby embodiment of the historical common man. Did you ever think of those snub-nosed Saxons who stuck it out in that last ditch at Hastings against the armored might of William the Conqueror? Or of those frowzy Scots, grooms and serving men, who closed together in a bitter ring of defiance when England's chivalry swept them down at Flodden Field? Or of those tattered, frost-bitten colonials at Valley Forge? Well, this man Vare is that sort of a sticker.

"So I had the law looked up as to primaries, etc. I was advised that Congress had nothing to do with primaries, as the Newberry case had shown, and that personal letter-writing was not included in the expense total of $25,000 to which the candidate was limited. I was advised to limit my personal expenditures to letter-writing. So then I took up the question of letter-writing. I did this in order to get my platform before the people, and because by ordinary means it was not possible to do this.

"Letters cost about six to seven cents to get up and mail. If I had sent one letter to every voter in Pennsylvania, it would cost me over $200,000. So we used a picked list of voters."

It is worth noting that Mr. Vare said nothing whatever about his franking privilege as a Congressman. Very likely he never thought of it. Franks have been extensively used in such campaigns, and would have saved Vare $71,435.80 of his own money.

"How about that $50,000 that Cunningham said he contributed?"

"Don't bother about that. Let's get at something important. They attribute to my campaign all the rest of the odd $570,000 that was spent for the entire ticket. They might as well charge me with the $120,000 that were spent separately by the Beidleman-for-Governor Campaign Committee. The total of our funds, about $580,000 in all, was spent for our entire ticket, and don't forget that. In a primary you are inside of the party. You must have a complete layout of candidates for your side, clear down to the last committeeman, so the local voters can vote for your local group. Because it is as members of the party that they are choosing between the groups which contest the primary election. Get that?"

NO one listening to W. S. Vare will forget that he believes, absolutely, in the locality, the voter, *and* the party as the inseparable Big Three of our American politics.

"A great deal has been said about the $230,000 that was contributed by the State Campaign Committee for our entire ticket to the county committees. This criticism has picked especially on the fact that these contributions were in cash, and not by check. There was a reason for that. Time and again when we thought we had a county leader for our side in some section of the State information would leak out, pressure would be applied, and we would lose the services of that man before he got started. Checks deposited in small local banks would have shown our plans, and we had to prevent this. I am not charging irregular practices, but I am saying that we were in a real fight, and that there wasn't anything soft about it. Besides, we accounted legally for every cent of these sums in our official report filed at Harrisburg under the Corrupt Practices Act."

Getting hold of the necessary money does not seem to bulk large in this man's mind. Doing the day's work as it comes along, the money comes also. His own or his friends. What does that signify? The use made of it is the issue.

"Besides, the other fellows spent a great deal more than we did. The money doesn't mean so much. Here are some facts that may interest you."

The Senator was calling my attention to his figures:

IN PHILADELPHIA

Ticket	*Money spent*	*Votes cast*
Pepper	$181,678.00	113,969
Vare	73,250.00	337,944

IN ALLEGHENY COUNTY (PITTSBURGH)

Ticket	*Money spent*	*Votes cast*
Pepper	$327,429.41	80,436
Vare	108,053.72	67,677

That money depends, however used, for its force and weight on organization, on the layout of your crowd, and their loyalty to you. Of his own crowd Mr. Vare is sure, absolutely.

"They talk a lot about having watchers, and say that when you pay a watcher you bribe a voter. Now the Pennsylvania law prescribes as to watchers and both parties have them. There were over 7,000 watchers for the opposition in this city alone. How much could you get away with at an election like that? If the watchers you hired were men you had to bribe to be on your side, how much watching would they do for you? Would anybody in their senses hire an enemy for their watchman? Most of the work in our campaign was not done for pay. We never paid a cent for a speaker."

AND that's the story. In the long hours of our talk Vare has not raised his voice nor used a harsh word concerning any of his opponents. It is evident that he does not smoke, and does not make any personal use of the personal liberty he advocates for others.

What sort of a man is Vare? Perhaps the answer lies in two words: irreducible and obstinate.

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Did They Know What They Wanted?

By MILDRED ADAMS

ON election night of this year a group of some eighty enthusiastic women gathered in the New York Women's City Club. They were the leaders of a campaign ten years gone, the women who were responsible for the organization and the battles that won New York State, and thereby the Nation, to the cause of woman's suffrage.

Their mood was as gay as that of a college reunion. "The good old times" when they marched up and down the long New York avenues; when they besieged Albany with petitions, and used the 6 P.M. train as a dressing-room that they might be fresh, after all-day battering at legislators, to appear before metropolitan evening audiences; when they organized and staged the most magnificent pageants New York has ever seen; when they made speeches from soap-boxes and automobiles; when they picketed every polling-place and climbed long stairs to talk to tenement-house dwellers of every nationality—these days were recalled with laughter and affection. All triumphs were rosy, all defeats matters for jest, now that the weary nerves and muscles and hearts were ten years healed.

Listening to them, one could have no doubt that these leaders "knew what they wanted" when they were pouring all their energy, their enthusiasm, their money, into the suffrage cause.

BUT when they moved on from the past to the present and the future there was no such unanimity. Some wanted women to do political work within the parties, and some thought they could be of more use outside. Some urged them to prove themselves in business, and some laid stress on psychological handicaps which no legislation could remove.

No one sat tight and said: "Weren't we wonderful? And how lovely everything is now that we are citizens!"

Indeed, there was more than a trace of impatient dissatisfaction with themselves and their sisters. Apparently, the present isn't behaving as they had thought it would when it was still the future. It made one wonder whether

SEVERAL weeks ago we brought up the speculation as to what has become of the suffragists; do the women of the rising generation believe that their old leaders really knew what they wanted when they fought for suffrage? And how do they feel about it now?

This article answers some of the queries put forth in an earlier issue.

the vote had proved to be so surely the thing they had wanted—whether they whole-heartedly enjoyed being citizens, whether a free woman in real life was as care-free and buoyant a lady as their posters had painted her.

If you examine into what they said they wanted during those seventy-six long years of the campaigns, you will find everything ranging from the right to speak in public assembly to the right to control property and children. "Equal rights" was the cry that went forth from Seneca Falls in 1848, and the presumable end of the phrase was "with men."

BUT that was too diffuse and complex a program to serve as an effective rallying-point. If you started out for one objective, you bumped up against another that must be obtained first, and gradually the whole thing sifted down in the mind of Susan B. Anthony, who for years carried the cause almost single-handed, to a matter of the vote. If women could cast their ballots, then they could win a way through all the other chains and barriers.

So the vote became desirable as a means to power. As the years went on, and one woman after another bumped her nose and her self-respect against this barrier and that, it became a symbol of all the balked desires, the aspirations, the withheld masculine rights, the incoherent longings, and the chaotic clutchings of women. Like all symbols, it was the focus for a vast amount of emotion. It became the goal of prayer and hard work, the altar of faiths, hopes, and ambitions, the weapon with which woman was to purify the world. It was a sort of feminine Holy Grail, into whose search was poured treasure, endless labor, and the subconscious hungers of thousands.

Never had there been such solidarity among women, never so vast an organization, never such fruitful lessons of mass action and team-work, in spite of individual differences of class, race, income, and social position. The suffrage campaign had the fervor of a revival meeting and the steady, organized power of a great machine.

With such a combination success was inevitable. New York State capitulated in 1917, and three years later women were by National Amendment granted the right to vote throughout the Nation.

And hand in hand with victory there began the disillusionment which is visible today wherever thoughtful veteran suffragists gather together to talk about themselves, their sisters, and politics. They have not accomplished what they expected to accomplish when, with tears and prayers and the singing of the "Doxology," they celebrated the winning of New York.

LOOKING back from sane and unemotional 1927, it is easy to understand how disillusionment was inevitable. The achieving of the vote left a great machine with no place to go and nothing to do. There was the inescapable collapse of morale which follows on demobilization of forces. The energies so long compressed into this one channel flowed into a thousand different small streams. Few of the women had been politically minded. The rest considered victory a sufficient reason for dropping their temporary artificial interest in politics, and went off about the affairs for which the winning of the vote had freed them. So the aftermath of the most effective campaign ever carried on for a political end seems to some of the people who worked hardest for it sterility and disappointment.

If you ask suffrage leaders whether they are satisfied with what has happened since their cause was won, you may see a shade pass over their faces—a tightening of the lips and an unrealized vision in the eyes. They say: "We

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Underwood & Underwood

FIGHTING FOR THE VOTE

The Congressional delegation of a big suffrage parade in Washington, D. C.

knew it was only a means to an end. We knew that there was very little power in the individual ballot. We did not expect that the millennium would come when women were granted the right to vote."

They will not admit for publication that they are disappointed. They say: "Give us time. You must not expect miracles in ten years, nor even in twenty." They will cite as evidence of work done the Cable Bill, the Sheppard-Towner Infancy and Maternity Act, the Women's Bureau. They will mention specific instances of the removal of laws prejudiced against their sex. They will name four women in Congress and a hundred and twenty-two in State Legislatures, two who have been Governors, several in the mayors' chairs of small towns, one on the bench of a State Supreme Court.

But if you can persuade them in private conversation to tell you what they really think of women, for whom they worked so many years, you will get a different picture. It is not only that the shouting has ceased and the banners have been put away. The women have not measured up to what their leaders expected of them, and more than one of the generals would like to write a code of behavior for her sisters.

Added to this is the irritating spectacle of the girls who came of age after their grandmothers, mothers, and elder sisters had won for them the right to vote. The ungrateful little things scarcely remember that there was a suffrage campaign. They grew up to a world where voting was as normal as latchkeys or bobbed hair. They have no more instinctive reverence for Lucretia Mott and Anna Howard Shaw than they have for Thomas Jefferson or Oliver Cromwell. Very few of these young chits know or care any more about the organization of county politics or the duties of the National Government than do their brothers. And that to women who felt that their sisters would take an important hand in saving the world is high treason and a social crime.

The girls who were in college when suffrage was still a cause are perhaps even more unsatisfactory. One can be downright outraged with the flapper, but, after all, she is young and ignorant. Her older sister knew what it was all about, worked for the cause, paraded in all the dignity of her cap and gown. Yet she will not take her proper place in political life. She is bored, and uneasy, and a bit rebellious. She knows that she ought to be interested in the thing for which her mother got nervous prostration and she sold yellow roses, but she finds continual harping on the vote a bit boring.

Part of the reason lies in the fact that she had, perhaps, a harder jolt than did the older leaders. She was young, and idealism caught her by the throat and swept her up until she felt like Joan of Arc. To her Carrie Chapman Catt, Alice Paul, Inez Milholland, were the most wonderful women in the world. However carefully they may have guarded their speech against exaggerated promises, they did give her the feeling that when women won the vote they would move the world whole leagues nearer to the heart's desire.

Then she found that no such thing happened. A ballot was only a single vote, and it wouldn't reform anything. Voting was a way of carrying on government; it wasn't a perfected means of expressing one's ideals of good citizenship. It wasn't a Holy Grail which glowed with ineffable light when one took it reverently from the shrine and carried it into the booth on election day. It was merely an artificial means of expressing a personal choice for a candidate whom one must take on faith or party promises. There was no more reason for getting excited about it than about a street car. Both of them were more or less unsatisfactory ways of getting somewhere, and of the two, the street car was much more certain to take one to one's destination.

If the leaders find their children and grandchildren deserving only of a spanking, the young ones find their leaders hopelessly illogical. They fought for freedom, and they will not accept the consequences of their own victory. Short skirts, cigarettes, free speech—all these modern manifestations and many more are "shocking" to the women who gloried in shocking their day by unladylike parades and soap-box speeches.

They overturned the canons governing the public behavior of a lady and relegated that idol to the scrap-basket. Then, as soon as they won the specific thing for which they had fought, they constructed something they called "womanly" and bade their daughters conform. They demanded freedom of speech, but now they prefer that nothing be said which they do not think proper. They fought for freedom of movement, unhampered by the clinging weight of

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Underwood & Underwood

Suffragists gathered on the Capitol steps in 1915 before presenting a petition signed by 4,000,000 women to President Wilson

heavy skirts, but now they object to the silk-clad legs of girls who obviously have achieved just that.

These mutual misunderstandings and recriminations are not merely a matter of conflict between age and youth, nor of the drift from radical to conservative. They go back to that fundamental confusion which began when the crinolined ladies of Seneca Falls started a campaign for equal rights, and found it had to be narrowed down to suffrage. They then worked for the right to cast a vote, but they kept on thinking and talking in terms of freedom. Their grandchildren glory in the freedom, but they find the ballot only a sheet of paper, to be used perhaps once a year.

After all, it is the normal thing in this democracy that an adult citizen should possess the right to vote. Only when he or she (and it took seventy-six years to add that second pronoun) is deprived of that right is there reason for a campaign of protest. Start to take it away from men, and you would arouse an instant and violent response. Business, traveling, inertia, may have kept them from voting for years; but tell them they can't, that they have been arbitrarily deprived of their ballots, and they would protest, raise a riot, go to law, hold indignation meetings and fiery parades—in short, behave much as women behaved for years.

Now that they have achieved the normal, many women are settling down to the same frame of mind. It was a movie star who gave crisp expression to that point of view. "In spite of the fact that I don't use it, suffrage means more to me than I can possibly put into words. It is a symbol of the freedom of women to do the thing that they have the inborn ability to do, instead of being forced to follow outside orders. I wouldn't give it up for anything. And if they tried to take it away from me I'd fight!"

The question which always comes up in a discussion of this sort, "What will women do next, now that they have the vote?" would be difficult enough if it concerned only the fairly homogeneous group which fought for suffrage. Even they are no longer bound together by any common cause. They have not all voted for child welfare laws, for prohibition, for protective legislation, for reform candidates. Some of them are working for world peace, some for National and international organizations, some in their own individual jobs.

Add to them the unassorted thousands who had no close-knit suffrage background, and the question becomes as impossible of a single answer as "What about the next war?" or "What will be the next parlor game?"

Yet there are certain discernible trends. The passion for organization, for example, which foreigners find native to this country, is in full tide. Women have some twenty great National organizations, outside of those which are strictly religious or fraternal. They have ten to twelve million members. Their purposes are high and public-spirited, having to do with the welfare—spiritual, political, moral, economic—of the community.

It begins to look as though there were not much left of the old superstition that women did not like to associate with women. They are building great club-houses all over the country, where "the crowd" can meet for a lecture, bridge, swimming, a dance, or a conference. The West leads in magnificence. Los Angeles has a Women's Athletic Club which cost a million and a half, is equipped with the last word in gymnasium, swimming-pool, bedrooms, and dining facilities, and goes in for tropical beauty as well as for physical excellence. Chicago has just opened a Women's Athletic Club which cost three and a quarter million. Smaller editions, all the way down to modest shingled cottages, flourish from Florida to Seattle, all run and financed by and for women.

Politically, there are three favorite roads. Women work with the old established parties, do the small jobs, are politely appointed to National committees. However lost they may still feel in metropolitan organizations, there is no doubt that they wield real power in small communities. And even in the great cities the old days of open polling-place debauchery are over. As some one said at the last election, "Women have made voting as normal and decent an occupation as going to market."

If they prefer non-partisan information to party loyalty, they join the League of Women Voters. This was the child of the old National Woman Suffrage Association, in which they sought to perpetuate the knowledge of organization and government and the devotion to good citizenship, which were so valuable in the long campaign. They are unique in that they are the only National body whose business it is to collect and disseminate intelligent, non-partisan information concerning candidates and meas-

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Four Senators

Editorial Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

MIGUEL AVILA is a remarkable man. In the delicate and devious business of getting official documents from the files of the Mexican Government never once did he fail to get just the document that he went after.

That appears from the testimony of Avila and others before the special committee investigating the Hearst charges that the Mexican Government extracted from its Treasury and sent to the United States the sum of $1,215,000 to be paid to United States Senators Borah of Idaho, Norris of Nebraska, Heflin of Alabama, and La Follette of Wisconsin.

The whole great structure of documents and deductions drawn from documents rests absolutely on the veracity of Miguel Avila, who either is or is not telling the truth. And that brings us back to reiteration of the statement that, either way, Miguel Avila is a remarkable man.

If he got the documents as he says he got them, he has refined Gastonbeemeansism to a point of pure artistry that has rarely, if ever, been equaled in the world. Beside this Mexican in the art of subornation of filching, the original Gaston B. Means would be compelled to confess himself a crude amateur, a clumsy bungler.

If he did not get the documents as he says he got them, Avila has fabricated a story the most perfect of all the stories that adorn the history of false swearing. On that supposition, he is thoroughly the genius, but not quite the artist. Despite cubism, futurism, and what not else of our time, art has always tried to be true to nature. This man goes clear beyond the upper limit of nature, allowing nothing for any of the weaknesses of human kind, nothing for cupidity, conscience, wine, women, or the perversity of fate. An artist would have made some procured procurer fail, just once, to "come through." Avila made himself and all with whom he dealt perfect pilfering machines.

It is not, perhaps, remarkable that this man could sell his wares, without testimonials, to William Randolph Hearst. It is not, perhaps, remarkable that Mr. Hearst should use them to create the impression that four United States Senators got $1,215,000 of Mexican Government money and then say on the witness-stand that he never believed they got it. But it is hard on the Senators and on the public.

Who are these four Senators?

WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH has been a United States Senator for twenty years. He never held or sought any other public office.

It is hard to say just what Borah has accomplished as a Senator, but this thing he has accomplished: He has demonstrated the fact that the best way to play politics is not to play politics at all.

Borah has disappointed more people and disappointed them more deeply than has any other man in the Senate by failure to do what they thought he ought to do—not by refusing to do it, but merely by not doing it. When they expected him to be at a particular place for a particular purpose, when his every previous step indicated that he would be there, he was not there. So often has this occurred, so characteristic has it become of the man, that it has been said of him, "Borah never follows through."

And yet it may be said to be the consensus of opinion that Borah is the ablest of the ninety-six men who compose the Senate of the United States—able not merely because of intellect, but also because of impeccable integrity.

Borah is believed to be a man of absolute sincerity. I, an iconoclast, have doubted his sincerity only once. That was when I read what he had to say of the books he has read. Any man (I thought) who can heap such praise upon so many classics and upon no non-classics is either insincere or inhuman. But I pass the point.

Borah is Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, one of the most important of the Senate Committees. On the floor he is beyond doubt the most impressive speaker in the Senate.

Ponderous, slow-moving, and rugged of countenance; approachable, patiently polite, but circumspect and sparing of words; Borah attracts attention and commands admiration.

But there is over his countenance, as over his conduct, something baffling. I do not think it is a mask. It seems to me merely a mental and physical heaviness, a heaviness which weighs him down and stops him short of his goal. In plain English, I think that the mystery of Borah is laziness.

A man to whom no man has been able to put the measuring stick. But, looking at him, he seems to fall just short of the giant's stature.

GEORGE W. NORRIS, of Ohio, and A. A. Jones, of Tennessee, were close friends and, I believe, roommates at Valparaiso University in the early eighties. But they were leaders of rival groups whose activities took a political turn and caused considerable trouble in the University.

The story is told that Professor Oliver Perry Kinsey, now living in extreme old age at St. Petersburg, Florida, called Norris into his office one day and said to him, in substance, this:

"It may interest you, Norris, to know that your friend Jones is going to the United States Senate. He will be a good Democratic Senator, promoting the principles of his party in the affairs of the Government. You, too, Norris, are going to the United States Senate. You will go as a Republican. But you will oppose everything that your party favors."

Norris and Jones did come to the Senate at about the same time, the former as a Republican from Nebraska, the latter as a Democrat from New Mexico. But Norris had previously been for ten years a member of the House.

In every particular he had justified the prophecy of his professor. Opposing what his party stood for in those early days, he had become one of the most serviceable rebels that the Congress of the United States had known—or has known until this day.

No matter what part others may have played, it was George W. Norris who handed the knock-out blow to Joseph G. Cannon, who ended the czarism of the Speaker. Other things of a similar kind he did in those early days.

But the reform of the Republican party did not align Mr. Norris with it. When the zeal of the revival died and Republicanism reverted nearly to what

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A Night at the Theatre

A Review of the New York Stage

"The Doctor's Dilemma"

ONE thing you may be sure of always in a Shaw play—none of the characters alters his point of view in the slightest; no, not if there are five acts, and any number of prologues and epilogues. In fact, you may be certain that Shavian characters will meet all the situations which their creator thinks up for them—with their original complexes completely unabridged and their prejudices totally unaffected by any of the events of their theatric lives.

What, you complain, they do not learn by experience? No, they do not. They may be sadder or wiser; they may compromise with their situations in the end. But underneath they end as they began. Dubedat, Marchbanks, Joan of Arc, Candida—call the roll.

It is Mr. Shaw's view of human nature; and it is unquestionably a reasonable one.

Naturally, it results in complaints from Mr. Shaw's critics that the Irish dramatist is always superior to his puppets, that his creations are brilliant but confusing, and that as a direct result his plays lack humanity, whatever of beauty or poetry, or drama and wit they may possess. Said William Archer, years ago: "He must always be superior to every character, every motion, every situation he portrays."

Well, similar complaints and gestures of dismissal—after an evening of magnificently blended wit, buffoonery, and truth—may be heard any night at the Guild Theatre just now, as the excellently attired and socially presentable crowd streams out from the Guild's revival of "The Doctor's Dilemma."

You probably remember dimly what the dilemma is. Shall Dr. Ridgeon, able to save only one man of two, save a greatly gifted but scoundrelly painter—with whose wife he is in love—or a poor, unsuccessful general practitioner who is his friend and a highly moral man, but of not much value? The answer is that the doctor turns the painter over to a group of specialists, all of whom are quacks and each one of whom does battle for his particular "fad." The charlatan of the crowd finally treats the patient and kills him; whereupon the painter, Louis Dubedat, dies most beautifully and the wife considers that Dr. Ridgeon's negligence has made him the murderer of her husband.

Such is the dilemma from which Mr. Shaw extracts an extremely varied play—one that mixes the keenest sort of truthful writing with uproarious burlesque and buffoonery. For "The Doctor's Dilemma" is exceedingly amusing. It has lost none of its qualities with the years. Perhaps Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington is too patently a burlesque of a doctor to carry conviction. Perhaps you realize that the death of Louis Dubedat is an impudent attempt by Mr. Shaw to induce you—through most moving words put into the mouth of a man whom you consider is purely a scoundrel—to shed tears which will prove you as unreasoning a person as any of the physicians on the stage. Perhaps the scene where each doctor in succession finds that the poor artist whom they have decided to help to health has gulled them all into lending him money under false pretenses—perhaps this scene is too mechanical. But the unmatchable entertainment remains—perception turned jester, playing now the buffoon, now the sage with his tongue in his cheek.

Besides its propaganda against the infallibility of doctors, the play has at least one real theme. For the trouble is, that to Louis Dubedat, the artistic villain, his own truth and necessities, and therefore his philosophy, are precisely as convincing and moral for him as the doctors' are to them, although Dubedat, by ordinary standards, is manifestly a scoundrel. No matter how much the doctors try, therefore, they cannot argue away the fact that morality and ethics are different things to different people, as well as to different races and to different ages. Dubedat's truth is his own idea of God—and thus his religion and his faith. This faith he defends with his intellect. Is he, then, twisted? Well, in the sense that he does not resemble the rest of us, at this moment. But lofty moral judgment of Louis Dubedat is difficult. Wherefore the contradictions and endless arguments in the play.

Of course, as ever, the majority dismisses Mr. Shaw as a man who is merely devilishly amusing, and therefore not to be taken seriously. But presumably this is because the majority does not understand him. It does not remember that to understand Shaw is not to see eye to eye with him. In fact, genuinely to understand him is to realize at once, as a corollary, that by no possible chance can complete agreement be possible. For the higher the truth a man sees, the more of apparent contradictions it must envisage. Each man who climbs, climbs his own mountain-top, and the view differs—according to the height and the particular peak. In the case of Shaw his mountain-top is extremely high, and his wit in describing the view is most unusual. Which increases the number of contradictions he sees and presents.

Take a very simple example. It is becoming a commonplace that in certain natures what is ordinarily considered commendable Christian sacrifice may in reality be nothing more or less than a

(*Continued on page 534*)

Our Own Theatre List

"Broadway," Broadhurst.—Life back-stage in a Broadway cabaret. Done with vim, rum, and pistols.

"The Road to Rome," Playhouse.—A slightly Rabelaisian take-off on history, providing an amusing evening.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Vaudeville and melodrama, with vaudeville taking the tricks.

"Burlesque," Plymouth.—Back-stage drama in the small towns, with maternal emotion making a success of an otherwise ruined actor.

"Escape," Booth.—Strung on a thin thread, but the most satisfying play on Broadway.

"Porgy," Republic.—A folk-play of South Carolina Negro life along the Charleston water-front.

"The Good Hope," Civic Repertory Theatre.—A slow tragedy of the men who comb the sea for fish and the women they leave behind.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Evidence turned inside out, in an expert and engrossing mystery murder trial.

"An Enemy of the People," Hampden's Theatre.—It's bitter; but it's Ibsen—and true.

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—A tragedy of youth and small-town life in the South.

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins Theatre.—A whimsical presentation of the truth about human nature with a mediæval court for its setting.

Musical Shows

"The Five O'clock Girl," Forty-fourth Street Theatre.—Has nearly everything.

"Good News," Chanin.—A lively song-and-dance affair in a college setting.

"The Mikado," Royale.—Our old friends Gilbert and Sullivan excellently represented.

"The Merry Malones," Erlanger's.—George Cohan—and everybody dances.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more?

"Funny Face," Alvin Theatre.—The Astaires dramatizing Gershwin's rhythms. Musical comedy at its best.

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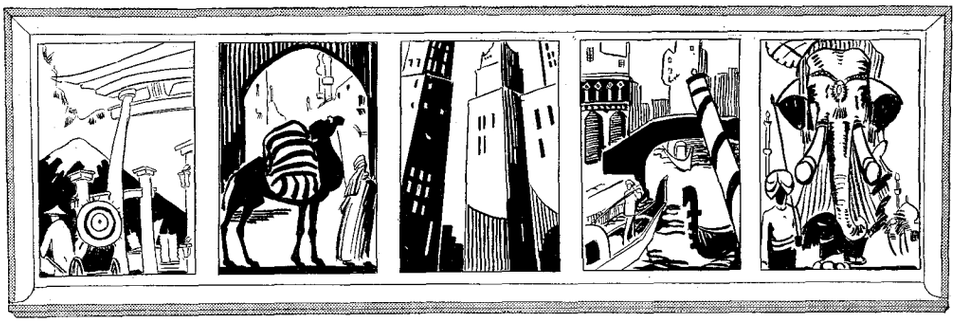

Windows on the World

By Malcolm Waters Davis

A CHANCE to talk things over is often the best way of avoiding a fight. But when the aggrieved parties are nations, it is difficult to arrange. And when the nations concerned are Great Powers, it is almost impossible, for their dignity will not allow them to admit that there is anything to talk over. That is the situation between France and Italy, and all Europe has been watching them anxiously.

A whole series of issues have set them at odds—French treaties with Yugoslavia balanced against Italian treaties with Albania; alleged Fascist ambitions to recover from France some of the formerly Italian Riviera coast; .alleged French interest in—or at least indifference to—anti-Fascoist plots on French territory; rival colonial interests in North Africa.

To get Briand, the veteran French Foreign Minister, and Mussolini, the Fascist dictator, together to talk out their differences, Locarno fashion, is one of the main aims of European diplomacy. Briand has indicated his desire to meet Mussolini, who in turn has voiced his readiness, with reservations, to meet Briand—after the Foreign Offices at Paris and Rome have come to terms.

Just here I note that the League of Nations has again acted adroitly as an agency for peace in Europe. Having ended the Lithuanian-Polish deadlock at Geneva, it has decided to hold the next meeting of the League Council in Rome. That will give the two statesmen an opportunity in March to meet and talk without making of it a too official event. And until then, it may be forecast, there will be no serious trouble between France and Italy.

Francesco Nitti, *who once was Premier of Italy, now a refugee in Paris from the Fascist régimé, has been excluded from membership in the Naples bar. The official purgers of the Neapolitan legal profession decided that he had "acted against the interests of the country while abroad." He has spoken openly in England and France against Fascism and has asserted that Mussolini's national policy is aggressive and a peril to peace. His exclusion from the bar is Fascism's characteristic answer to open criticism.*

Senator Borah has introduced anew his resolution for diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Government of Russia. Evidently the courts already recognize it, for the Supreme Court has allowed to stand a decision by a lower court that "the State of Russia" has a right to maintain a suit in the United States. The issue arose in a case growing out of the Black Tom explosion in New Jersey during the World War. The question concerned damages for war materials which had been ordered for Russia.

With Russia's opportunity to secure her legal rights in American courts assured by the highest authority, the proposal of recognition resolves itself into the question whether enough is to be gained from it to be worth the disturbance of Bolshevik diplomacy at Washington.

The Communist Party Congress in Moscow has meanwhile decided to instruct the Communist International organization to beware of America and American industrial tendencies. Bukharin, President of the International and intellectual prophet of Bolshevism, denounced American workmen as "the aristocracy of labor," whose high wages apparently made them insensible to the appeal of class struggle. So perhaps the Soviet Government might recoil from the danger of infection by actual contact with prosperity in the United States.

Certain of these American aristocrats of labor, however, returning on the Berengaria from a union tour of Russia, indicated a preference for the Soviet land, where labor has more power, better hours of work, control of job conditions, and provision for education, accidents, unemployment, and old age. And some women members of the American Investigating Committee on Russian Women, returning on the same ship, declared that Soviet Russia has raised her women to a level in some respects higher than that enjoyed by women anywhere else in the world.

"It is painful to patriotic Americans," their statement said, "to recognize how far their country lags behind Soviet Russia in its treatment of women."

It may seem flippant treatment of a sober matter, but I must confess the relief of at least one reader at news—for a change—of a place where women are supposed to be more favored than in America.

Women *in France are apparently to have their chance once more for suffrage—assuming that they want it, which any one who knows France may be permitted to doubt. By a vote of the Ministerial Council, the latest equal suffrage proposal is to go before the Senate, which has repeatedly voted down such measures after passage by the Chamber of Deputies. This bill would give women both the vote and eligibility to hold office.*

Lindbergh, after having taken Mexico by storm as he took Europe, is to fly on to Central America, and then to Cuba. The whole plan, Mexico included—so the Washington "Star" now asserts—was his own idea, formed be-

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fore President Calles sent him an invitation from Mexico City. He proposes to visit Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama, and then hop across to Havana for the meeting of the Pan-American Congress.

Encouragement of air commerce between the United States and the Latin republics to the south is avowedly his main aim. And important as his conquest of Mexican good will has been, this purpose of promoting air traffic may well prove to have more fundamental significance. An air-mail route is being discussed, and other projects should follow. Two French fliers who crossed the Atlantic to South America are now touring that continent, and plans for an air-mail service from Europe are under way. The United States, with a land route to follow, hardly need let Europe be first in this field—as Lindbergh is showing.

If the Kaiser had occupied London with the Prussian army, says G. K. Chesterton, the English essayist, he could not have altered English life more thoroughly than American economic pressure is doing. He sees English existence being transformed, and does not like it. What he evidently fails to take into account, in his protest against "the Americanization of England," is that the process is not exclusively or consciously American. It is a secondary effect of the machine age, which happened to develop faster in America than anywhere else.

A Night at the Theatre

(*Continued from page 532*)

negative form of securing ego at other people's expense—that is, when the people sacrificed for do not wish the sacrifice made and are only rendered unhappy by it. In some cases this desire to sacrifice goes as far as to produce "martyrs" of the family circle. We all know them.

The point is that self-sacrifice can be both moral and unmoral, depending upon, let us say, the straightness and honesty, emotional and intellectual, of the person involved.

With this in mind, let a playwright who has sufficient ability draw a character who thinks he or she is self-sacrificing and generous, but who only succeeds in reality in playing the part of the villain. To people who do not know the contradiction involved in self-sacrifice the play will appear confusing. Now add to this mythical playwright a man who has a tendency to have fun with his own ideas, and his characters and a piece like "The Doctor's Dilemma" is precisely the sort of high comedy you might expect him to produce—always provided he possessed Mr. Shaw's keen wit and showmanship and expert theatrical brains.

To our mind, the contradictions in Shaw are necessarily inherent because of the depth of his insight. They are exceedingly amusingly presented because he is a witty Irishman. But by no means can any one of intelligence dismiss him as merely amusing and not to be taken seriously. To our mind, it is very possible that among philosophical dramatists Shaw is as far ahead of his day as Emerson was in his, or as Freud may very possibly be in the field of experimental psychology. F. R. B.

Four Senators

(*Continued from page 531*)

it had been, Norris was still the consistent opponent of its policies.

Norris has been the most consistent of all recalcitrants. He has committed political suicide more frequently than any other man in Congress, and the price of the poison has never been too high for him to pay. And yet he remains not merely a Senator but a Republican Senator in good standing, Chairman of the powerful Committee on Judiciary. Leader, since the death of the elder La Follette, of the radicals, he is classed in the popular mind rather with Borah than with Brookhart.

Earnest, active, eager, a practical idealist, Norris remains, in spirit at least, what he was when he came to Congress twenty-four years ago. The extraordinarily large dark eyes which are said to have made him the idol of the girls at Valparaiso gave him, as age came on, a sort of owlish appearance which may, in part, account for his having in popular esteem a larger dignity than ordinarily is accorded a radical.

In the Congressional Directory the first name in the biographies of United States Senators is that of James Thomas Heflin, of Alabama.

I first saw this man on the platform of the old Seven Hills Chautauqua at Owensboro, Kentucky, twenty-five years ago. Heflin's was then a handsome, an impressive presence.

When I had listened to him for a while, I thought, "If the man had a playwright to fix his lines, what an actor he would make!"

I cannot get over that regret. Heflin missed his calling. Irvin Cobb and Augustus Thomas are accounted artistic story-tellers. Either of them, in a two-horse race with Heflin, would run second. He ought to have been an actor.

Still, given though he is today to the art of blatherskiting to the bleachers, I believe that posterity will discover in Tom Heflin something of the statesman. If you are to prove him a numskull, you must ignore his early record in Congress when, though not positively big, he stood above the average of Congressmen.

What is the matter with him now? I asked that question, the other week, of one of his friends in Alabama. He replied, "Oh, Tom's crazy." He did not mean to say—nor do I mean to infer by quoting him—that Heflin is insane. "Crazy" is a wide word in our vernacular. It merely meant in this case that "Tom's queer," which leaves the question as far from an answer as before.

But there he stands—not all of the time, but most of the time, it seems—well back on the Democratic side, in Prince Albert coat and white waistcoat, vehement, red-faced, bellowing, hurling himself into this cause and that, but always, so it seems, overly anxious to do the bidding of the Ku Klux Klan, fevered and flustered, the patron saint of the Public Printer.

An old correspondent who has been here for forty-five years says that he thinks there has been one Senator in that time, Call, of Florida, who made as many speeches as Heflin—but he did not make them as long.

Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, is a small son absolutely devoted to the memory and the policies of a large father.

He was to get only $15,000 of the $1,215,000, so Avila says.

This investigation is good fun. The only regrettable thing about the affair is that Avila did not have a little longer to run. Given three weeks more, he would have sold Hearst the Montezuma's big-toe nail.

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

Super-Investment

THIS department will furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to advise the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this service. Not more than five issues of stocks or bonds can be discussed in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to The Outlook Financial Department.

THE idea is prevalent in many quarters that the creation of a trust under a will or otherwise is something that is open to the wealthy alone. However, with the greater fund of information that is coming to the public largely as the result of the advertising campaigns of trust companies and National banks, this idea is gradually being driven out. People of moderate and small means are more and more coming to the realization that the trust, both as a form of protecting their property after death and as a means of *directing* its use, is something that is well worth their practical consideration.

Theoretically, a trust can be very small. It is not a very common thing for an income as low as a hundred dollars a year to be paid out by a trust, but the writer is familiar with a will one clause of which established a trust with that annual disbursement for the life of the beneficiary. On the other end of the scale, trusts may pay out tens of thousands of dollars of income. The only practical limit is the size of the fund which it is proposed to place in trust.

What does it cost to have a trust? The usual cost is a percentage of income, usually five or six per cent. Trust companies have the practice in many States of making a minimum fee, often $30 or $50 a year, no matter what the total of the trust. Hence trusts with a yearly revenue of two or three hundred dollars are discouraged. In the case of the trust mentioned above, this was one of several under a will, and the trustee's fee was based on the total revenue of all the trusts, so that the minimum fee was not deducted from the hundred-dollar income.

What can a trust do?

This question brings us to the heart of the whole trust problem. A short answer to this question is that a trust can, within reason, do just exactly what its maker intends it to do. No trust, of course, can run forever, except those established for charitable purposes. No trust moneys can be paid out for illegal objects. The purpose of a trust is to maintain a certain principal sum of money in conservative investments and pay out the income to specific persons, finally distributing the principal to individuals or institutions.

To illustrate by a fairly common example:

A man leaves his property, which we may suppose will amount to $80,000 in all, in trust. If he has a wife and children, and if he makes the trust—as he should do—before his family is grown, educated, and "on the world," he will probably provide that the income be paid to his widow as long as she lives or till she remarries, if she does. If such an event occurs, the will may well provide that she receive a portion and that the rest go to the support of the children. This contingency aside, the will covers the contingency of the death of the widow before the children are self-supporting. It provides—in a typical case—for the education of the children and for the payment of an income to them till, perhaps, the age of thirty years. Often in the case of daughters it is provided that the income shall continue through life, while the sons may receive their share at a stated age.

This trust, then, does several important things. In the first place, it prevents the possible dissipation of principal which might occur were the principal of the estate to go to the widow without the legal protection of a trust. The story of the "small fortune" left to a widow untrained in business and preyed upon by relatives and unscrupulous stock salesmen is, as lurid as it is, unfortunately, common. The trust keeps the principal as intact as it is humanly possible to do; pays an income to the widow as long as she lives; looks after the schooling of the children in the event of the widow's death; gives the children, more often in the case of sons than in that of daughters, a share of the principal at an age when, if ever, they should have discretion. (The reason for continuing the trust in favor of daughters is to protect them against the dissipation of their capital through unwise investments of husbands; also because of the lower earning power of women.) These results, in the case of an $80,000 estate, are accomplished at an annual cost, paid from income, of something like $400 or $500.

In these days an estate of this size is not a large one. Even if the estate is half or quarter this size, the reasons for putting it into a trust are identical and even more cogent. The less you have, the more carefully you must guard it. Not long ago a certain trust company issued a circular which pictured two men standing before a burning house. One asks the owner, "Were you insured?" The owner replies: "No; I was waiting till I got a bigger house." Very few people nowadays, no matter the size of their dwelling, fail to cover it with insurance. But the majority of people whose worldly goods are not many do fail to insure their protection after their death. And beyond question the reason for this failure is either that they did not know that it was possible to effect such insurance by means of a trust, or they thought that trusts were "for the rich."

Life insurance, as we have previously pointed out, can be arranged so that, on death, it will be paid into a trust, and thus insure its protection and the protection of the person or persons for whom it was primarily taken out.

The subject of estate protection is, we think, properly a subject to be included in any discussion of investing and investments. A trust is, after all, a kind of *super-investment of a man's entire property*. What is the use of all the care and attention given to investments if their ultimate disposition, which must occur by law upon the death of their owner, is not sedulously planned? Has a man done a complete job of it when he merely writes in his will that he leaves everything to his wife? Is he sure that what he leaves will accomplish the purpose which he would like to have accomplished?

Ironically enough, those who have large fortunes also have financial and legal contacts which, without much exertion on their part, inform them as to the best means of protecting their property. The people who have small fortunes or property so little as not to be classified as a "fortune" are all too apt to live on doing nothing, vaguely conscious, perhaps, that there is something that they might and could well do.

For them, first of all, these paragraphs have been written. W. L. S.

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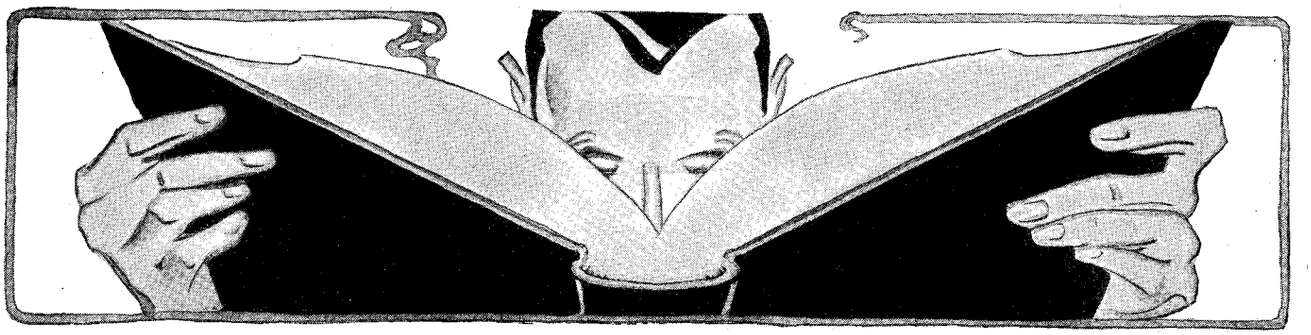

The Old Christmas Magic

By MARY LAMBERTON BECKER

Author of "Adventures in Reading"

I HAVE lately been walking upon a street where Christmas is dead. It stretches a long way across a great city; shops big and little are on either side, and from one to the other, ever since Thanksgiving Day, strings of electric bulbs have been stretched, so that in the evening you walk with the wind blowing but beneath a glittering roof; you would not know that there was a star in the sky. On the fourth floor of every large shop, between sporting goods and upholstery, a tired salesman in red trousers with horsehair under his chin shakes hands all day with such children as have brought with them buying parents. He is a real Santa Claus. Beside him sometimes stands a real reindeer, rolling dead glass eyes and lifting a stiff foot in clockwork geniality. In the windows of the smaller shops Santa himself is clockwork; all day, save for run-down intervals of immobility, he smiles an ingenious rubber smile, pointing to the real toys about him, marked in plain prices. For everything on this street is real; there is nothing that you may not buy and break.

One day I saw a little girl, some ten years old perhaps, her back to one of these windows, regarding with a curious wonderment a musician performing at the curb. He was playing upon a saxophone "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen." But the child had no money, and in time he moved to a more profitable position. As he went the lovely faint look of wonder was wiped out of her eyes, that went ranging once more over the stands of real post-cards, crying their mass-production wish for "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." But Christmas was dead on that street.

For there is no glamour there, and the essence of the Christmas spirit is glamour. There is at Christmas such a light as lighted the doll's house in Katherine Mansfield's story, so shining that a child hunted from that paradise could yet murmur, "I seen the little light." Lights on the Christmas tree have this magic, and the old ornaments coming back every year, waking on Christmas Eve from their long sleep, shine through such a luminous haze of dream. The voice singing carols, however cracked, carries such mystery. It is the heart of the Christmas spirit. Now that carols come by way of the phonograph or struggle through loudspeakers with the uproar of a thoroughfare, now that resolute salesmanship provides for our children a concrete commercial Christmas, it is worth taking thought to see that in their holiday books, at least, something of the glamour remains. At this time, if ever, let there be some books of wonder—fairy tales, legends, poetry, lovely plays, history rich in amazement, adventure, romance. If you have yourself forgotten the tales of wonder, try reading aloud from "The Fountain of Youth" (Macmillan), a choice of folk-stories arranged by Padraic Colum for actual telling, in such words as carry through to the imagination and set it making its own images.

But with the littlest children pictures may carry the tale without words. There are, for instance, scarcely more words in William Nicholson's "Clever Bill" (Doubleday) than are needed to say that a wooden soldier, left at home on a journey, ran until he reached the place before the child himself, and was waiting for him upon the door-mat. But what pictures—full of the determination and action of Bill himself! "The Skin Horse," by Margery Bianco (Doran), has the pictures of young Pamela Bianco; the story is of a toy horse, battered but adored by a children's ward, going to pieces and thrown away while one child is too ill to know it, and so missed that the Christmas Angel must somehow bring him back. At this point the pictures, thus far languid and tender in line and color, suddenly rise to an outburst of joyous elaboration with the appearance of the heavenly visitor and the beginning of the starry ride. In quite another way, there is magic in the scarlets and greens, the strong shapes and strange landscapes of the illustrations in "Children of the Mountain Eagle," by Elizabeth Miller (Doubleday, Page), a story of children in Albania, vivid as the pictures.

Perhaps all children in books are creatures of glamour—all that live, that is, and take their places in the lives of children. Alice comes out of Wonderland, a real child, but Heidi, a real child, takes children into a sort of wonderland of her own. Louise Connolly's "Miss Chatterbox and Her Family" (Macmillan) is about a real child, a "smaht chile" who lived in Washington just after the Civil War, and whose cat was near-sighted because, though he could see a moving string, he could not see the Capitol. This child bounces with vitality; older readers will take to her as soon as children will. Older readers like Christopher Robin as well as children do—not better, for children make up for an older comprehension by loving him with a whole-heartedness of which maturity is hardly capable. "Now We Are Six," the new Milne book (Dutton), takes a child with the aid of Mr. Shepard's drawings into a sunny country where everything is in scale, where the child himself, as in "Winnie, the Pooh," is a beneficent providence to all the toys, and, in his weakness, a strength and a wisdom to his world.

I do not know how successful has been the attempt of some writers for

(Continued on page 539)

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

What Everybody Is Reading

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Boston—Old Corner Book Store.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.

Fiction

"Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co. A clannish family in Canada survives the potentially disrupting love affairs of several members. If you like a good story, peopled by startling and brilliant caricatures, you will enjoy it. Reviewed November 2.

"Adam and Eve: Though He Knew Better," by John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. You will find this an entertaining satirical tale dealing with the first companionate and the first Mr. and Mrs. marriages. Reviewed last week.

"Death Comes for the Archbishop," by Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf. This imaginative biography of a French missionary bishop to the Southwest is fine in spiritual concept, rich in beautiful description and moving characterization. Reviewed October 26.

"Kitty," by Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf. A young wife's struggle against her dominating mother-in-law for the possession of her husband, set in post-war England. You will enjoy it if you like a machine-turned story with humor and wholesome sentiment. Reviewed last week.

"The Vanguard," by Arnold Bennett. The George H. Doran Company. Reviewed below.

Non-Fiction

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, information, and color. Reviewed November 16.

"Bismarck," by Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co. This splendid biography by a master craftsman is unhesitatingly recommended to any one with a taste for solid reading. Reviewed November 9.

"Our Times. America Finding Herself," by Mark Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons. This, the second volume of a social history of our times, is full of information and entertainment. It is especially valuable in presenting a study of many elements which have gone to form the present American attitude toward life in general. Reviewed last week.

"We," by Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The young hero's story of his life is a direct, simply expressed, and often moving account. It deserves a permanent place among boys' books. Reviewed August 17.

"Napoleon," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. You will find this engrossing biography a fine foot-note to the Napoleonic period. Reviewed November 9.

The Vanguard

THE writer of sober realism, the serious novelist, here turns his hand to light fiction, and the hand which we are accustomed to think of as supremely deft has become heavy, if the fiction is not. The Vanguard is a yacht, the perfection of motor yachts. Its cuisine as described causes the reader's mouth to water; its appointments make him sick for a cushioned steamer chair facing a sunny sea. It belongs to a multimillionaire, a bullying, swearing product of the Five Towns of pleasant memory, who has made himself owner of newspapers, mines, cinemas—everything that can be bought. For the ultimate purpose of settling a quarrel with his wife, he abducts a rival millionaire, this time a gentleman who owns something that he wants. A young woman whose charms, although they fairly leap at the reader from the page, have been unwept and unsung, gets herself carried off on the yacht at the same time. A pleasant sail along Mediterranean coasts and a visit to Rome end with the quarrel settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, the rival millionaires satisfied, and the young lady engaged.

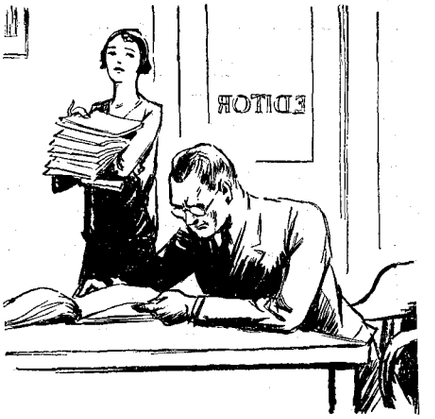
We all remember our delighted reading of the Five Towns novels, and most of us are old admirers of Arnold Bennett's skill at satiric fantasy. "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" and "Buried Alive" are books to read and ponder and laugh over again and again. So it is with a feeling of stupefaction that this reviewer puts down "The Vanguard." The book is gay throughout, and downright funny in spots. It starts off with a good dash of excitement. It pictures pleasantly enough the taming of the millionaire boor, and the capitulation to feminine charms of both the urbane and the vulgar financier, and of the various secretaries, stewards, wireless operators, etc. It contains some wise and spicy comment on humanity in general. A book by Arnold Bennett could do no less. But what of it? Why should he have bothered to write a book which, according to the jacket, will "delight and thrill" when P. G. Wodehouse could have made it much funnier and A. E. W. Mason could have made it much more exciting. "The Vanguard" is called a playful and witty romance. It is playful. It is witty. It is a romance. And the Literary Guild chose it for its December book. A puzzled reviewer can say no more.

Have You Seen These ?

The Basket-sellers' Ancestry

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN. By Paul Radin. Boni & Liveright.

Until six years ago, every August an Indian couple came to sell baskets to the summer colony of a little fishing settlement down in Maine. They were very old people, brown, dirty, scrupulously



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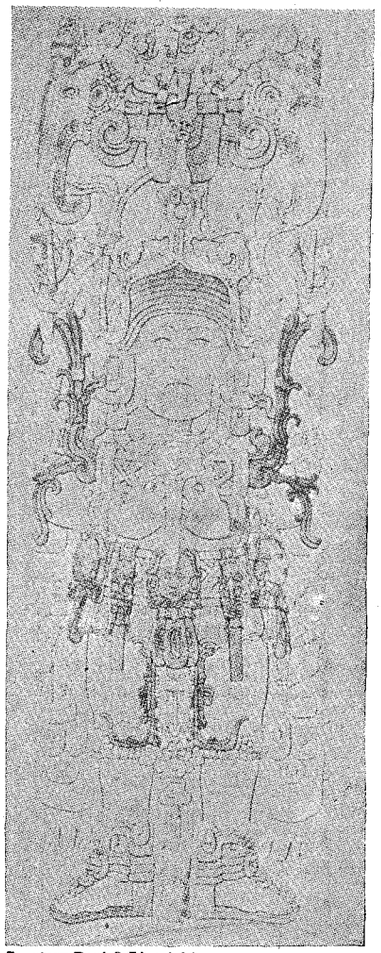
polite. Their baskets were delicate and sweet-smelling. The new children peeked around corners when they came to the door; the summer dogs barked. When they stopped coming, the postmaster said: "They're dead. There aren't any Indians in Hancock County any more—but I've got Japanese baskets from the five-and-ten."

Old broken Indians selling baskets, tamed Indians shooting up Buffalo Bill's Deadwood Coach, make-believe Indians out of Cooper and Grinnell; unless you are an anthropologist or a home missionary, that is all you know about the only native American. His last days in North America, bloody and awful, his enslavement by Spaniard and Frenchman, the breaking of his spirit by Anglo-Saxon—this you know. You know the horrors of the Spanish conquistadors in Mexico, of the Creek massacre on the plains. But of the long and brilliant past, the rise and flowering and decline of civilizations which shade back into antiquity, you know nothing.

Dr. Paul Radin, an anthropologist and a genuine scientist, does, in two recent books, much to enlighten you. In "The Story of the American Indian," following a popular narrative style with perseverance only occasionally cumbersome, he tells of the Amerind races which built up great empires and complex civilizations from their shadowy beginnings to their sharp ends. He speaks only briefly of the conclusions arrived at by science as to the racial beginnings of the Indian, fixing upon the Mongolian invasion as the determining factor in the physical, temperamental, and psychic make-up of the race. In elaborate and vivid detail, using much source material, he traces the culture of the North American tribes through the Mound Builders back to the Mayan civilization of Yucatan, which touched and influenced all the primitive peoples to the north; while the lines of the South American cultures are shown to converge upon Peru, the socialized state.

The quotations of original Indian chants and aphorisms which this book contains give it the quality of an anthology as well as of a popular history, and as such it supplements Dr. Radin's other recent book on "Primitive Man as Philosopher" (Appleton), in which much material from original Winnebago Indian sources is quoted, which shows the Indian intellectual as a moralist and philosopher capable of flights of independent thought which cover a wide range and which establish the existence of an intellectual class among people regarded as savages.

With the addition of two anthologies of Indian poetry, an amateur of aboriginal American culture might make Dr. Radin's books the nucleus for a good library. "The Path on the Rainbow" (edited by G. Cronyn, published by Boni & Liveright, and possibly out of print) was the first collection of Indian poetry



Courtesy Boni & Liveright

A Maya decoration in which the resemblance to Chinese art is apparent

(From "The Story of the American Indian")

in which the images, thoughts, and metrical arrangements of the Indian were re-expressed in English verse. Hartley Alexander in "God's Drum" (Dutton) has attempted the same thing.

If every civilization contains in its flowering the seeds of its own decay, Dr. Radin makes very plain how obviously true this is of the Indian races. It is possible, after reading these books, to speculate for one's self upon the picture. Looking at the art and poetry of the Indians, one wonders if they may not be the products of an already effete Oriental civilization, bursting into temporary vigor with the infusion of new, entirely savage blood and falling into quick decay—old wine in new bottles. But this, please, is only the hesitant guess of a reviewer whose Indians, until now, were old, dirty, and scrupulously polite and sold baskets until they died and the "five-and-ten" took over the trade.

"Seventeen" in Seville

THE BULLFIGHTERS. By Henry de Montherlant. Lincoln MacVeagh, the Dial Press.

Alban de Bricoule was being prepared for his first communion when his grandmother gave him a juvenile edition of "Quo Vadis;" but he skipped all about St. Peter and became a Roman at heart. His paganism remained entangled with his Catholicism. His mother sent him to Lourdes, "where he could mix with the litter-bearers and derive some spiritual benefit," but he was "a constant nuisance to the litter-bearers." "He was carried away by the thought that he was a great sinner as well as a great Christian." Fortunately, Alban saw a bull-fight, and Lourdes knew him no more. "This bull-fight was second of the great revelations of his youth, or rather of his life. The first had been the revelation of paganism through a book intended to instruct, the third was the revelation of the flesh through the heart." This Latin Willie Baxter learned to "play the bulls," and went to Spain as an amateur of the sport, in the same spirit "that he was later to go up to the front for the first time." In Seville his *Frühlingserwachen* was accomplished somewhere between the violences of Wedekind and the absurdities of Booth Tarkington's adolescent. Alban, melodramatic, a bit ridiculous, a bit pathetic, is still *distingué,* and at the end magnificent.

Alban's passion for the bulls is interwoven with his love for Solidad, even as it is with his faith. He sees *los toros* against a rich background of history and mythology, even identifying the god Mithra with Christ. "The fight is an incantation, a rite, a nuptial dance;" "in the silence the bell of the cabestro rang as though for the elevation." To Alban the blood of the slain bulls attains a mystical significance, and when the beast is *in extremis* Alban is reminded of the Blood of the Lamb. Likewise when meeting Solidad he notes that "at the bottom of her short skirt—her petticoat showed golden red, like the raw wound of a bull."

This study of a sensitive boy at a period when his enthusiasms approach hysteria is lightened by the author's humor where it might easily fall into an exploitation of morbid tendencies.

We are told that Henry de Montherlant has been a bull-fighter, but such statistics are unnecessary to prove the authenticity of his Spanish landscape

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with figures. Solidad is that rare thing, a Spanish woman in fiction who is not merely a sort of Italian prima donna dressed up in the mantilla and castanets of Carmen. She stands as definite and Spanish as the portraits of the Maja. Indeed, this book is so vivid that one instinctively thinks of it in terms of paint. The scenes in the bull-ring are as brilliant as the Goya tapestries. "The arena seemed a vat with the ferment rising from the bottom and spilling over the sides. All the spectators rose in their places and the amphitheater frothed and foamed like a great jar of wine."

After killing the bull he had feared above all, Alban was at last released from his obsession, and he returned to France without even a farewell to Solidad. After all, it was not two passions that fired him—only one. Solidad or his *toros*, it was all the same thing—a part of the disease of being seventeen.

MARY SHIRLEY.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed on this page or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

The Old Christmas Magic

(Continued from page 536)

children to throw about the details of life in a mechanical age the light of romance and the magic of folk-lore. I have not yet heard from the children themselves, for example, whether they find that "A Merry-Go-Round of Modern Tales," by Caroline Emerson (Dutton), invests the typewriter, the motor truck, and the steam-roller with the attributes of fairyhood. I do not see why this should not be acceptable to children, every one of whom at all imaginative has at some time played out dramas of family life with plain bone buttons and informed the five fingers of his hand with distinct personalities. I only wish that when verses are written about dumb-waiters and fire-escapes, such as are in James Tippett's "I Live in a City" (Harper), they would not be quite such pedestrian poetry. But it is not at all a bad idea to find your fire-escape flowering into rhyme when you are little; rhyme should be at home in the house. Nor is it impossible to use for this purpose pictures so modernistic as those of Boardman Robinson, who makes an unexpected and refreshing appearance as illustrator of the "Rhymes of If and Why," by Betty Sage (Duffield)—rhymes that celebrate a child's idea of city and seashore, batter-cakes at Child's, and boasts about adenoids. It is a trifle depressing, though, to reflect that pictures and print together present a metropolitan American child's vision of a garden of verse.

Wonder tales may or may not make terms with natural history. Mrs. Bradley's story of "Alice in Jungleland" (Appleton), her own little girl's wonderful trip through Africa, certainly does. Peggy Bacon's "The Lion-Hearted Kitten" (Macmillan) certainly does not. No animals act like these charming and vigorous creatures; pictures and story together, they are dream cats and hippos and what-not, gentle enough to mingle with a child's dreams, for they are bedtime stories. Helen Fuller Orton's "Prancing Pat" (Stokes) is about an actual horse, for at the age for which it is meant, the time of life when one begins to read, the peculiar charm of the horse has by no means waned. At this time, and keeping the needs of the new reader in mind, come Mildred Batchelder's "Peggy Stories" and "Topsy Turvy Tales" (Scribner's), about the life that little children lead. The doll's-house people appear in "The Popover Family," by Ethel Calvert Phillips (Houghton Mifflin).

There are plenty of animals in the charming series known as "The Little Library" (Macmillan) because the volumes are of the right size and shape to fit a little hand, and, I am happy to find, with type of a size and shape to fit a young eye. In this series (ranging in age one step below the same house's "Children's Classics" of old favorites) are "The Good-Natured Bear," "The Cat and the Captain"—and what a cat! —and a French rabbit to go with the famous English "Peter" of Beatrix Potter, Alice Dussanze's "Little Jack Rabbit."

A little older, and one comes to the age when the Beacon Hill Bookshelf, published by Little, Brown & Co., may be drawn upon by parents in search of certified favorites, sure that whatever book they may choose from it will have a welcome from a normal child. Here are newly illustrated (color) editions of such Louisa Alcott stories as hold their own against newcomers, of Susan Coolidge's "What Katy Did," and Mary Wells's "Jolly Good Times," written in and about the Massachusetts countryside fifty years ago and showing no sign of age. There have been several rediscoveries this year, and one of these at least is a blessed boon: Stokes has brought out Frank Stockton's "The Poor Count's Christmas" just as it was in the prehistoric days of "St. Nicholas" —so long ago that for years bits of its pictures figured in the patchwork of old illustrations that made the enthralling

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NELL MOORE CAROLYN NELSON BRITTON

end-papers of this magazine's bound volumes. I thought the tale was lost, and here it is, like Kate Nickleby's miniature, "unmoved, unchanged," this being the quality of good miniatures and of really good books for children.

Yet a little older, and one is old enough for "Gay Neck," a most unusual and distinguished book, the story of a carrier pigeon in the Great War and after, told by Dhan Gopal Mukerji and embellished by the decorations of Boris Artzybasheff. Here is a book of beauty every way you look at it; the tale carries more of the philosophy of Mr. Mukerji—and of the East—than one would believe possible from this brief description, or that would have been intrusted to such young readers not so long ago. But we have come to realize that young minds take in great ideas if they come simply, without parade, and at the time of life when minds are naturally hospitable. There is a rush of books for this time of life—the teens; far more than there need be, for by this time a young person should at least be tasting more than just the books prepared with his age in mind. But a story as robust and honest as Caroline Snedeker's "Downright Dencey" (Doubleday, Page) is worth reading by any girl; there's an excellent dog story called "Sarah's Dakin," by Mabel Robinson (Dutton), who wrote "Dr. Tam O'Shanter;" a wholesome story of family life is in Christine Whiting Parmenter's "The Real Reward" (Little, Brown); "The White Pony in the Hills," by Anne Bosworth Green (Century), is a fine outdoor story of a Vermont stock farm; there are two travel stories of young Americans in Europe (always popular when the family is thinking of going abroad)—"The Carter Children in France," by Constance Johnson (Dodd, Mead), and Hildegarde Hawthorne's "Deedah's Wonderful Year" (Appleton); Alida Malkus's "Raquel of the Ranch Country" (Harcourt, Brace) is thrilling, romantic, and accurate in its local color; and in "Girl Scout Stories," edited by Helen Ferris (Doran), one may find a collection of stories such as girls have chosen for themselves, reflecting credit on their taste.

Boys have new adventure stories, such as "Jinglebob," by Philip Ashton Rollins (Scribner's); "The Jinx Ship," by Howard Pease (Doubleday, Page); Perry Newberry's "Forward Ho!" (Stokes); Theodore and Winifred Harper's "Siberian Gold" (Doubleday, Page); "Tawny: A Dog of the Old West," by T. C. Hinkle (Morrow); and the crowded and explosive pages of Constance Lindsay Skinner's South American thriller, "The Tiger that Walks Alone" (Macmillan). All of these are well written and guaranteed not spoiled by the intrusion of girls or goo. "The Trade Wind," by Cornelia Meigs, the story winning the large prize offered by Little, Brown & Co., and her other historical story of this year, "As the Crow Flies" (Macmillan), will be welcomed by boys and girls, the chances in favor of boys liking it rather better. This is true too of "Gesser Khan," a resplendent hero book by Ida Zeitlin (Doran), whose "Skatzi" is still attracting attention a year after its first appearance; the pictures in the new book about Tibet, though as remarkable in their own way, are not in the least like those in the earlier book. Either boy or girl would respond to the beauty of the story of Nathan Hale, told by Laurie Erskine in "After School" (Appleton) so simply and with such feeling that it deserves a permanent place in school and family libraries.

"I Know a Secret," by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page), belongs in the class popularly known as "ageless," about children and loved above all others by imaginative children, readable at any time of life, and revealing deeper meanings the longer one lives. Laura Spencer Portor's "The Little Long Ago" (Dutton) is a book of this sort, a remembered childhood that a somewhat introspective child will appreciate and that any parent could take to himself with profit. "The Winged Horse," by Auslander and Hill (Doubleday, Page) is a history of poetry for young people, but it will be read before this next year is out by more grown-ups than children. As for Barbara Follett's "The House Without Windows" (Knopf), it is a window lifted, for a brief and blinding moment, into a world unsuspected because it is by grown-ups quite forgotten—the world before the shades of the prison house begin to close, when for a little while a little girl may be more fay than human. Barbara Follett, the little girl who wrote it, may go on to write books even more remarkable, but should she write no more than this, she will have justified the typewriter upon which this tale was, according to the record, tapped into being. There may be, it appears, magic in anything, and a glamourous tale like this can come clicking straight from keys under the fingers of a child. It all depends upon the spirit, and it is worth while making some effort to protect that, in this season of Christmas, from stifling under a load of things all too real—things that one may buy and break.

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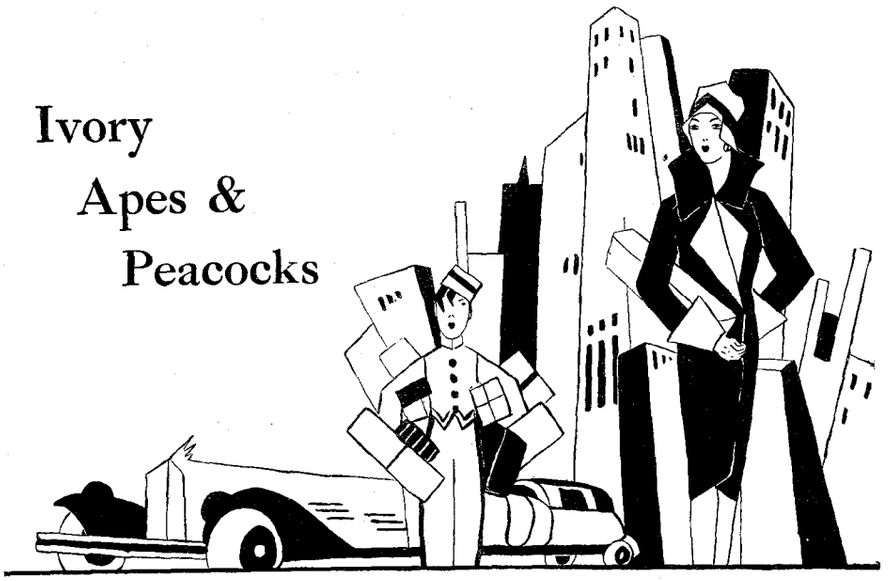
Ivory Apes & Peacocks



The Newest Contributions of American Genius to the Art of Living

THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

THE acquaintance of most of us with modernistic furniture and house furnishings has been limited to a glimpse in a shop window or the pages of a magazine of a few bizarre pieces which looked like nothing so much as the relics of an explosion in a trigonometry factory. We may rather have liked the things, at that, but we couldn't quite see them among the overstuffed furniture and inherited Victorianisms of our own homes. And probably we have indulged in a hearty laugh at their eccentricity, and passed on.

It is conceivable that in another decade or two we will get just as hearty a laugh out of some of the pieces which now grace our bed and dining and living rooms. Many of them—not all, of course—are clumsy and dreary and over-ornamented. And very, very badly designed. And the best of the modernistic stuff, for all its use of curious materials, its angularity, and its lack of politeness to tradition, is restful, quiet, and pleasant to live with. And—what is most important of all—suited exactly to the purpose for which it is to be used. Which is a good deal more than can be said for many of the old Period pieces, as any man knows who has sat on, eaten from, or slept in them.

For some time we have been planning this modernistic outburst in our department, but we have felt that we should wait until we could talk of something which you would not think freakish, which would not make you think first of all of its eccentricity. Ourself, we do like some of the more startling pieces and arrangements. But it is true that you cannot introduce them all by themselves into the usual American interior. And so we waited until we found something not too startling.

A modern treatment throughout of bedroom, living-room, and dining-room is being shown in three model rooms at Macy's. This furniture has been reproduced from originals made by one of the best modern French designers. It is new, and any new thing is difficult at first to accept; but it is so pleasing, so sensible, and so unobtrusive that we believe few people would find it unsuitable.

To describe it to you is not so easy. The bedroom first. Everything here is low, making the room look much larger than it really is. The headboard and footboard of the bed curve up from underneath, each a perfectly plain, unornamented piece of glossy maple, much lighter in color than the old-fashioned bird's-eye maple. At either side of the bed is a semicircular table of the same wood with two drawers, one on each side, and below a sort of cupboard without doors for books and what not. The dressing-table has no legs and the top is but a few inches from the floor—a plain piece of maple which curves up at each side. In the curve are three drawers in a quarter-circle. In the middle is a tall mirror, only the lower half of which has a frame. There is an upholstered "bathtub chair," and a bureau or chest of drawers over which hangs a mirror, the lower half of which has a frame of what might be aluminum. None of the furniture has any moldings or beadings or ornamentation, but depends on the wood itself and the finish and the sweep of its clean lines for its beauty.

In the living-room the furniture—desk, bookcase, sofa, stand—are of palisander, a kind of rosewood, inlaid with ivory. The fireplace is low and wide, of brown brick and brown marble, over the full width of which is a mirror that goes to the ceiling. There is no restlessness, no waste motion, in this room. Everything does what it is intended to do quietly and efficiently. The lighting is done by lamps concealed in wall columns of translucent glass. The colors are all shades of brown.

Do we make you see these rooms at all? Probably not. You cannot describe this new furniture in terms of the old. Here are no Windsor chairs, no four-poster beds, nor anything resembling them. We have no vocabulary for these things yet. But it will not be long before we have one. Modernist furnishings have come to stay. Beauty, simplicity, and adaptability to use—these three things are the criteria by which we select our furniture, and only the most hidebound conservatism can prevent us from seeing that the best of modernist furnishings combines them all. And variety. There is more variety than there ever was before. And some of it is very bizarre. We have seen—and admired—pieces that looked like a geometrician's nightmare. We shall describe some of them from time to time. For we believe that you will admire them too.

MUCH the same reason that held us back from writing about modernistic furnishings has kept us from touching on automobiles. We have been waiting for the Automobile Show. When that event takes place, we shall report it for you, and thereafter shall continue to report the progress of the motor world in the last issue each month.

There will be nothing technical about our reports. We don't know enough. We don't understand the gasoline engine, and we don't want to. It is enough if it runs smoothly. We believe that you are like us in that respect. We don't know much about automobiles, but we know what we like, and we shall report them for you in that way. W. R. B.

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Just As You Say

Our Apologies to Concord

In your issue of December 7, on page 430, in the article of Milburn Kusterer entitled "Colonel Lindbergh Sells Aviation," you printed a picture by Wide World showing the Spirit of St. Louis in front of our hangar at the Concord airport with the title line "At the Concord, N. H., airport, where fog caused Lindbergh's only late arrival."

Inasmuch as fog is probably the airman's most disliked enemy, it is mighty poor advertising for our airport to have your magazine broadcasting that fog at Concord caused Lindbergh's only late arrival, particularly when that statement is as far from the truth as anything could be.

The fact is that Colonel Lindbergh sought refuge from the fog which blanketed the whole New England coast on Saturday afternoon, July 23, by coming to our airport, which is well out of the fog belt, and, instead of landing at Portland, Maine, where he was scheduled to go, he spent the night in Concord, going to Portland on Sunday, which was "his only late arrival," returning to Concord on Monday, the 25th, for his regularly scheduled visit.

After seeing large black headlines in Boston and other New England papers shouting "Lindbergh Lost!!" and then later "Lindbergh Safe at Concord, N. H.," it was rather a shock to us to see by your magazine that fog at our airport caused him to be late here, the only place in his long trip.

As this error in your magazine is likely to discourage pilots from coming to our field through fear of fog, I feel sure that you will give this correction as much prominence as the erroneous statement received.

HORTON L. CHANDLER.

Concord, New Hampshire.

What the Women Want

I have been reading the queries which you address to women in The Outlook of November 16, and feel moved to try to answer a few of them. Personally, I never supposed that the achievement of woman suffrage would bring about the millennium, or indeed make any very great change in the conduct of political affairs, certainly not for some years. I believed in it because I felt that women deserved, as much as men, a say in the making of the laws under which they have to live and in the choice of public officials. Women appeared to me, on the whole, about as good as men, and probably no better. Human beings are very much alike, whichever sex they may belong to. I thought, therefore, that women citizens would probably take about as much interest in politics as men citizens do—perhaps a little less for the present, because customs and traditions are still rather against their activity in this line. All this seems to me to have turned out about as I expected.

There are still some vigorous and intelligent organizations of women of a political nature, such as the League of Women Voters; but most thinking women believe that in active politics we should not group together as women, separate from men, but should rather ally ourselves with the regular parties and other organizations made up of citizens of both sexes. This is very important.

In the party organizations a few women have already become rather prominent and useful. Most women elected to office in this country, however, with a few notable exceptions, have not done very well. They have generally been selected for extraordinary reasons, chiefly because they have been the wives of certain men. This is a poor qualification for office holding. I should imagine, then, that women are now interested in much the same things as men voters, that they want much the same things, and that, like men, they are somewhat discouraged with our present political machinery. I hope, however, that they, or at least some few of them, will stick to political activity. There is a small leisure class of educated women who ought to be very useful in doing unremunerative and greatly needed work in this field.

VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE
Dean of Barnard College.

New York City.

Bill Adams and Mr. Abbott Agree

I don't like cats either. And today I like them less than ever I did. I've been pestered with them of late. There has been a big yellow cat, a fat beast with yellow-green eyes, and there has been a shiny silver brute with a long tail that drags on the ground, and there has been a huge tabby tiger. They have all belonged to people not far from me. But in California a cat that doesn't belong can get along very well, what with catching gophers and mocking-birds, meadow larks, and quail. It is partly because they kill the birds that I abhor cats as I do. Mocking-birds sing here all night long through spring and early summer. Meadow larks are singing now, on Thanksgiving afternoon.

A week or so ago the people who owned the tabby beast moved away, and either by chance or design left their cat behind. It took to prowling about my garden. Little green birds are feeding all day on the cosmos seed in my garden. One day I found a little green bird's feathers. So I went to town and bought a can of sardines, and with the sardines I caught the cat. I had meant to have killed it. But I'm not one who kills without compunction. I like to be merciful. Life is doubtless precious even to a cat, eh? So I put the brute in a sack and drove it out five miles into the country where there are many acres of alfalfa and vast numbers of gophers. Any tolerably agile cat can make an easy living where gophers are plentiful, and gophers, though they too may love life, do a great deal of damage to the farmer's crops. I turned the tiger out of the sack. He twitched his long tail and looked about him with eyes like the eyes of a devil: wise eyes, thoughtful, not at all puzzled. I came home. Next morning the tiger was in my cosmos again.

I went to town and bought another can of sardines. And this time I drove tiger across the river bridge two miles from home and took him well along the other bank of the wide stream. Had I been less given to mercy I should have been saved much trouble. But merciful I be, and once again I gave the beast its freedom on a wide alfalfa field.

A mile or so after I had released the cat I was stopped by a traffic officer. I supposed that he had seen me freeing the cat and was curious to know what I was up to. Perhaps the alfalfa field belonged to him, I thought, and he either had cats enough already or liked them no better than do I. But, though in a way his stopping me had very much to do with the cat, in another way it had nothing at all to do with it. Or so I might have thought at the moment. I had failed to notice, and so had not stopped for, a boulevard stop sign.

I told the traffic officer all about it, and the traffic officer said: "Tell it to the judge. I dunno whether he likes cats or not."

I paid the judge five dollars.

That tabby beast has not come back from the other side of the river. I have a feeling that he could do so did he want to. But I think that he is sitting, slit-eyed, grinning, in that green field.

None but a guileless, unsuspecting, easily hoodwinked human would ever take up with a cat. They're not honest. The devil's in all of them.

That five dollars would have paid a dog license for two years. The cat knew it. And with the sort of dog that I had been thinking of there would have been no cat to bother me. I'm going to the barn to sharpen my ax; then to town for a can of sardines.

BILL ADAMS.

Modesto, California.

An Answer to the Ex-Feminist

I am sorry for the "Ex-Feminist." She chose the wrong college, and thereby missed an experience of priceless value.

As I look back on my college days through the vista of many years, two things stand out with vividness and clearness still undimmed.

These things are the beauty of the environment of my loved university and the atmosphere of inspiration and culture for which we were indebted in a large measure to the Faculty.

The President was a gentleman of the old school whose presence was a benediction. His ideals made all unfairness shrink to cover and all worth-while aspirations seek the light. He was as scholarly as he was cultured and political economy under him became an open book even to a woman.

By our Professor of History dry facts were vitalized and his students were given such a wide outlook upon life that provincialism became no longer possible.

Latin means to me the man who taught it. He was a man of unflinching integrity and steadfast purpose, a man "who never sold the truth to serve the hour." His character permeated his teaching.

I received in college a love of the best in literature that has brought more pleasure into my intellectual life than any other influence. Until then I had never realized the wealth of wisdom and noble thought within my reach, nor had I ever learned the satisfaction that comes from one's own effort to interpret and express. The words of my literature professor in criticism of some of my work, "Nothing but your best will do," was an education in itself, and in its lasting influence worth the outlay of a college career.

I had no experience with women teachers in college. There were a few in my high school who left their mark upon all who came in contact with them.

All honor to the many colleges where one may find "wisdom and beauty, fine minds with a vision of truth"! All honor to those who give lifelong inspiration to plastic minds and live on in lives made nobler by their memory.

ALICE M. GARLAND.

Chevy Chase, Maryland.

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MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

TRAVEL—Algeria, Sicily, Athens. Would like to have woman join me. 8,207, Outlook.

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Did They Know What They Wanted?

(Continued from page 530)

ures. They are trying to educate voters to an appreciation of the value of the vote and to a knowledge of the way to use it.

The third path is that of the Woman's Party. They made up the radical wing of the suffrage movement, and there is still about their meetings the fervor of martyrdom and the incense of a holy cause. They regard as their special charge the program of equal rights, and now that suffrage has been won and checked off the list, they are busy about all the other objectives—equal rights in church, home, law, the moral standard, foreign relations, the economic world, divorce, public office, property, the control of earnings and of children, education, and anywhere else where there is discrimination against women.

These are the major organized activities of women. These are the things about which they are avowedly busy, apart from husbands and children and jobs. But they do not give the complete picture. There is, for instance, the girl who burst out the other day: "Oh, do have done with this eternal talk about women! If only people would turn off the spotlight, and give us a chance to find out who we really are! I'm much more interested in being an individual than in being a woman."

GEORGE SIMMEL, a wise German philosopher, says that the next job before women is the slow upbuilding of a feminine culture. He says that there are almost no feminine standards of accomplishment, that the women who are acknowledged to have done great things have done them according to the standards men have set up, that the Queen Elizabeths, the Rosa Bonheurs, the Madame Curies, have all been judged great by masculine scales.

It may be that in the endeavor to find out who they are, what they can do, and how they like it women must interpret "equal rights" in terms of imitation, must try to find out how masculine freedom feels before they can set up a clear-eyed, satisfactory code of feminine freedom. It may even be that their inquiries will result in a new definition of freedom which will be the common pride of both men and women.

Such wonderings seem far away from the vote and the ballot-box. People who expected that they would instantly reform the abuses of government with their votes may well be disappointed. Yet it was that same campaign for suffrage, with all its idealistic glamour, its passion for freedom, which started women on their way. The vital thing is that now they are free, politically at least, to make their own experiments and their own mistakes, to choose their roads, and to be people in their own right.

By the Way

THE coldest spot in the world is Verkhoyansk, Siberia. On January 15, 1865, the thermometer there registered 90.4 below zero. This is the record for all time. In the United States, Miles City, Montana, holds the record—65 degrees below zero.

"We need more mutual understanding."

"Yep," replied Farmer Corntossel in the Washington "Star." "We're workin' along that way. The bankers think they know all about farming and the farmers think they know all about banking."

From "Punch:"

Neighbor: "Yes, but I 'ad the last word wiv him. I sez to 'im, I sez, 'You're as ugly as if you'd been measured for it.'"

It is getting so a man can't even make his own funeral arrangements. A plan whereby one might pay for his own funeral in advance by installments was rejected by the California State Corporation Commission recently.

TEN million dollars yearly is spent in electrical billboard advertising in Times Square, New York City. Some of the building owners no longer rent the interiors of rooms because they can obtain greater revenue from the signboard space covering the windows. The reason for the high space values is said to be the curiosity of the 125,000 daily visitors from other parts of the country.

A sign before a Missouri farmhouse bears this legend:

"Drive slow! Chickens Five Dollars Each!"

Add to the wonders of the United States Mail Service: A letter addressed as follows:

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John
Mass.

was promptly and correctly delivered to John Underwood, of Andover, Massachusetts.

"Whut you-all runnin' foh?"
"Ah is tryin' to stop a big fight."
"Hoo's fightin'?"
"Me an' anotha niggah."

A friend of ours insists that he is so busy that he even saves a few moments in the barber-shop by having two manicurists work on his hands instead of one.

WHY is it that "13" is so commonly regarded as an unlucky number? The superstition in this country is so strong that few of our hotels have a thirteenth floor and the Pullman Company reports that great difficulty is encountered in selling seat 13 in chair cars. But "13" is written all over our country. There were 13 colonies. The first flag had 13 stars and 13 stripes. On our quarter dollars there are 13 stars over the head of Liberty, 13 leaves in the olive branch held by the eagle, 13 thunderbolts in his talons, 13 bars on the shield, 13 feathers in each wing, and 13 letters spell "quarter dollar." Perry's great naval battle was fought September 13, 1813, and our famous John Paul Jones has 13 letters in his name, and was only 13 when he came to America. The first fleet ordered by the American Government consisted of 13 vessels.

Perhaps you don't know that cats, dogs, and raccoons are all color blind. Professor F. M. Gregg, of Nebraska Wesleyan University, tried to teach them to come for meals by colored signals. He discovered that these animals do not see the colorful landscape we see, but live in an utterly gray world.

Little girl: "Oh, look, mummy! There's a snow man in front of that store."

The "snow man:" "Don't you believe it. I've just been waiting an hour for my wife to come out."

THE White House grounds have just been appraised at twenty-two million dollars. If President Coolidge had to pay taxes on his present home, it would cost him $374,000 a year, or nearly five times his salary.

"Well," said one farmer to another, "my land is exactly a mile square."

"Is that so?" queried the other. "Mine is exactly a square mile."

"Then, of course, there is no difference," replied the first.

Now is that last statement correct or incorrect?

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